DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 268 565 CS 209 710

AUTHOR	Holbrook, Hilary Taylor, Comp.
TITLE	An Exemplary High School Literary Magazine: "Phoenix."
INSTITUTION	ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills, Urbana, Ill.
SPONS AGENCY	Office of Educational Research and Improvement (ED), Washington, DC.
PUB DATE	[86]
CONTRACT	400-83-0025
NOTE	119p.; Photographs may not reproduce well. For other magazine profiles in series, see CS 209 701-720.
AVAILABLE FROM	Harrison Central High School, Route #3, Box 150, Gulfport, MS 39503 (Magazine only--profile not included--$4.75 including postage).
PUB TYPE	Reports - Descriptive (141)
EDRS PRICE	MF01/PC05 Plus Postage.
DESCRIPTORS	Competition; Course Content; *Creative Writing; *Evaluation Methods; Faculty Advisers; High Schools; Periodicals; Production Techniques; Student Evaluation; *Student Publications; Teacher Role; Writing Evaluation; Writing for Publication
IDENTIFIERS	*Exemplars of Excellence; *Literary Magazines; National Council of Teachers of English

ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Phoenix," the magazine published by Harrison Central High School, Gulfport, Mississippi. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discusses (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

****
* Reproductions supplied by EDRS are the best that can be made *
* from the original document. *
****

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF EDUCATION
EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION
CENTER (ERIC)
This document has been reproduced as received from the person or organization originating it.
Minor changes have been made to improve reproduction quality.
• Points of view or opinions stated in this document do not necessarily represent official NIE position or policy.

ED268565

AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: PHOENIX

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY
Nellie S. Walden
TO THE EDUCATIONAL RESOURCES INFORMATION CENTER (ERIC)."

INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

CS 209 710

earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

PHOENIX

Harrison Central High School

Gulfport, Mississippi

Principal: Mitchell King

Faculty Advisor: Nellie Sue Walden

1984 Student Editor: Kathy Daniels

"When the Phoenix first arose from the ashes in the fall of 1976, it was with considerable hope and pride that Harrison Central's new literary magazine would tap the enormous potential that I knew lay dormant within your classrooms. Now, as a proud alumnus, it is no surprise that I find the Phoenix as vibrant, as full of poetic energy as the first issue which came to life almost eight years...for it represents the very best of Harrison Central...

Steven S. Walkinshaw

Phoenix Editor, 1976-77

Harrison Central High School is a three-year public school located in the coastal city of Gulfport. Gulfport's population of approximately 50,000 is primarily blue collar, and most of Harrison Central's 1,400 students come from blue collar or rural backgrounds. Harrison Central's literary magazine enjoys a great deal of support as shown by alumni and patron contributions.

THE MAGAZINE FORMAT

The first issue of Phoenix, published in 1977, was only 30 pages, and was offset printed from typewritten copy. The original staff was comprised of only three members. By 1984, Phoenix had 104 professionally typeset and printed pages, and included artwork.

Illustrated with a pencil drawing of an eagle on a white coated cover, the 1984 issue of Phoenix measures 11 by 8 1/2" wide. The magazine title is printed in 54 point red letters, with the year printed beneath in 5 point letters. The text is printed in 4 point Rotation typeface, with titles in boldface and authors in italics. Black and white artwork, much of it full-page, is placed throughout the magazine, and many of the works complement the text.

PRODUCTION: THE ADVISOR AS MENTOR

Ms. Walden, who has been advising the magazine staff since its first issue, sees her role as that of mentor. The staff is comprised of any seniors interested in joining. Members enroll in a creative writing class, the first semester of which involves poetry and short stories, and in which staff members learn the skills for evaluating submissions. During the second semester, students receive the practical experience of editing, designing and assembling the magazine. The staff sponsors outside readings by poets.

All of the writing, art and photography originate with the students. Staff members complete 99 percent of paste-up, 98 percent of proofreading, 90 percent of layout and 85 percent of

editing. Faculty perform the remainder of these duties, and printing is completed out of house.

SUBMISSIONS: ALUMNI WRITERS

Staff members encourage students to submit works for publication in the Phoenix by means of announcements and with the cooperation of the English teachers. Harrison Central Alumni students also submit writing and artwork, and the magazine has a separate section containing their works. Between the student interest and the network of communication among the alumni, Ms. Walden notes that there is never a shortage of submissions. Through the 1984 issue, submissions were also accepted from students attending the Harrison Central 9th Grade School, but the school has since begun publishing its own magazine.

The majority of the writing for the Phoenix is poetry. Many of the works deal with the same topics, such as friendship, or parents' divorce, giving the magazine a somewhat thematic appeal. If the staff feels a particular work has promise, the student is given an opportunity to revise. Art work is submitted independently, but sometimes complements the writing themes or an individual work. Ms. Walden feels the inclusion of artwork in Phoenix has been beneficial to the quality of the magazine, to the students submitting works, and to the staff designing the magazine. Students frequently tell Ms. Walden that they reread the magazine: first for the artwork, next for the poetry, then for the short stories.

FUNDING: NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY PROJECT

The first issue of the Phoenix was funded as a project of the National Honor Society, and it is still published under the Society's sponsorship. Approximately 25 percent of the magazine's $1,500 budget comes from the Society. Donations from patrons comprise approximately 30 percent of the budget, and patrons include current students, local citizens, students and alumni.

The Phoenix is published at a cost of $3.75 per copy, for a print run of 450 copies. Advance copies are sold for $3.50, and after publication copies are sold for $4.00 each. Ninety percent of publishing expenses are recovered through sales.

FUTURE CHANGES: THE PHOENIX RISES

After the 1984 issue, the Phoenix will see many changes. First, the 1986 issue will be the magazine's tenth anniversary issue. In addition to student and alumni works, faculty submissions will be included, and while the magazine format will remain unchanged, this issue will be necessarily larger. Second, the cover illustrations for the Phoenix have always been by the staff art editor. For the 1986 issue, however, the staff is sponsoring a contest for all student artists to submit a cover illustration. The winning entry will illustrate the anniversary issue, and the artist will receive a copy of the issue free.

Finally, Ms. Walden will be taking a short leave of absence to attend a short story class at the University of Mississippi. This will give her greater insight into the short story process, which she can then pass on to the creative writing students and to the students on the magazine staff. The magazine will

gradually come to reflect this new emphasis on longer works, and will, like the phoenix, arise reborn.

**

Copies of the Phoenix may be obtained from

Harrison Central High School

Route #3 Box 150

Gulfport, MS 39503

Cost: $4.75 (includes postage)

PHOENIX
EIGHTY-FOUR

THE PHOENIX 1984

VOLUME 8 NUMBER 1

Editor ..... Kathy Daniels

Assistant Editor ..... Beth Curtis

Art Editor ..... Lisa Breckenridge

Poetry Editor ..... Jeff McGee

Fiction Editor ..... Jairus Medley

Nonfiction Editor ..... Shirley Jackson

Copy Editor ..... Charlotte Banks

Business Manager ..... John McNeill

Publicity Director ..... Kaycee Kinsey

Advisor ..... Nellie Sue Walden

☆ ☆ ☆

Cover Design ..... James Beaver

Sponsored by
The National Honor Society
Harrison Central Chapter
Kay Caviness, Sponsor

"the time passes
the seasons change
from what I am
from what I was
I am born again."
—the Phoenix
(Stix)

Foreword

The *Phoenix* began in 1976, a small, sparsely-filled magazine. Each year since then it has grown by leaps and bounds. Today more than 400 art and literary works have been submitted. Of course, this would never have been accomplished had it not been for a dream—a dream that a handful of students and one teacher made come true. This year we would like to dedicate the 1984 *Phoenix* to the alumni, those who have worked to make our publication what it is today.

Thank you,

Kathy Daniels

Kathy Daniels
Editor, 1983-84

Guest Foreword

When the *Phoenix* first arose from the ashes in the fall of 1976, it was with considerable hope and pride that Harrison Central's new literary magazine would tap the enormous potential that I knew lay dormant within your classrooms.

Now, as a proud alumnus, it is no surprise that I find the *Phoenix* as vibrant, as full of poetic energy as the first issue which came to life almost eight years ago. Writers and readers, teachers and parents, read and enjoy what lies herein. For it represents the very best of Harrison Central—a school we can all be proud of.

Steven S. Walkinshaw

Steve Walkinshaw
Senior 1977
Editor, 1976-77

From Awakening to Repose

In the hush of morning
When the sun begins to rise,
Dawn blushes breathlessly
Across azure skies.

The earth in sun-kissed glory
Opens eyes still glazed with sleep
As early morning dew
Dries with the coming heat.

After noon and eve have passed
And the sun has crossed the sky,
No such glory as the dusk
Can dawn's first blush describe.

The evening sky is filled
With the morrow's promised youth
In each gold and violet thread
That falls atop the dew.

The ebbing e'en tide reveals
Pristine sand beneath,
As the moon and twinkling stars
'Round the celestial curtain peep.

Softly the sea breeze whispers
What the night has in store,
And dusk's full spool of scarlet thread
Falls shimmering along the shore.

If Dawn is a maiden's promise
Of what is to come our way,
Then Dusk is Grandma's fading blush
That fulfills the ending day.

Kathy Daniels

Adopted Agony

Empty are the arms of a mother
Who has given up her child just born.
Has scorn or shame been suffered
from the act or the solution?
Is she hateful for the leaving
or loving for the giving?

Kathy Kinsey

Mother and Father

Mother and Father
I love you so dear

Mother and Father
I thank you for the things you have done.

Mother and Father
How sweet you can be.

Mother and Father
I will always keep you near.

Mother and Father
Please never fade away.

Mother and Father
I love you each and every day.

Mother and Father
I will always have a soft spot in my
heart for you.

Walteraine Mourning

Mother

Mother is a very special gift
who is always there
when the fire is in the flame
She doesn't let things
Puzzle your brain.

Darlene Taylor

My Loved Ones

My loved ones
I love so dear.
My loved ones
I long to be near.
My loved ones
I can't describe them.
My loved ones
Are everything to me.
My loved ones
I love so dear.

My loved ones.

Walteraine Mouring

My Dear Ol' Mom

She's my mom, my dear ol' mom.
She has always helped me with all my problems.
Whenever I had a broken heart, she was
there to help me out.
She has always helped me with my schoolwork.
Whenever I had a lot of homework, she
would stay up with me to do it.
No matter what the problem, she would always
be there.
She's my mom, my dear ol' mom.

Maria Mercado

Amy by Lisa Breckenridge

A Silent Friend

a warm smile,
arms outstretched to accept anyone,
plenty of love to give,
eternal friend,
helps when asked,
speaks through His Word,
always there—
all we have to do is pray.

Jairus Medley

He'll Always Be There

When you are troubled,
and it seems there's nowhere to go.
I know someone who'll help you
No matter if there's rain, sleet, or snow.

When your world is turned upside down
and things aren't going your way,
He'll help you get on track again
and walk along with you so you will not stray.

He's been there through the good and bad.
He's been with you through it all.
Now's the time to open your heart.
Now's the time to answer His call.

Do not tarry, do not delay.
He's been calling you from the start.
No one knows when He will return
so be ready with an open heart.

Go ahead and join Him.
It's the best move you could make.
The Lord our God loves us so much!
Of that there is no mistake!

Beverly Morgan

God Made Everything

God made love
Like He made roses
A miracle for all the world to shar
But it only comes true
If it's handled with care.

God made life
Like a raging river.
Always restless; never dry.
Lovers who cross it
Should stay together
So few make it; so few try.

God made women
Like a mountain.
A thing of beauty
Standing proud and strong.
Sometimes abused; sometimes unwanted
But can't be replaced
Once they're gone.

God made man
Like the wild wind
Always searching; always gone
Until he touches a certain woman.
He finds a lover,
And he finds a home.

Beverly Raymond

15

Papa's Poem

(dedicated to my father with much love)

Ebony eyes placed against a bronzed complexion
Crowned with curly charcoal hair.
Stern yet compassionate imply your ways.
Tenderness hovers as your golden wings
Spread forth to comfort, protect and love
Those to whom you've brought understanding
And real meaning of life's purposes.
Unselfishly you bestow time—your time
Enabling me to grow with the knowledge
Of morality and self-fulfillment,
Allowing mistakes as I journey towards maturity.
Never presumptuous or self-assuming,
Yet, a pursurer of righteousness and loving-kindness
In the eyes of Yahweh.
There exists gold, silver, and many earthly riches
But trueness from the heart safeguards a king—
You've earned your throne from me.

Charlotte Banks

Grandfather

My grandfather and I were very close
He was like the father I never had.
He would give the best advice,
but I never listened.
I had to have things my own way,
He never got upset, he was a very
patient man.
Though I hardly listened to his advice,
I knew he was always right.
So this one's for you, grandfather,
I will always cherish your memories
And though you aren't here with me
now, I have something to tell you,
I love you, grandfather, and really do
miss you.

Stephanie Sulko

My Dad

I've no time to talk
Nor to look behind
Only running away from someone
That I once knew.
He's an important person in my life,
One to whom I owe everything,
Not just respect or love
Only my life.
He scares me and he hurts me
He laughs and makes me suffer
Or maybe he doesn't know.
Does he like seeing me sad?
He's done awful things and killed many
Not literally, but in his mind
He likes it when he's in control
Running others' lives.
The person I owe my life to
Well, he was there at the start
This time he really messed up
For he is half my heart.

Kelee Ruddy

Shadow Me With Colors

Entering J. C. Penney's,
(one cool December day)
I thought to myself:
What a grand place to play!
My mother said, "Sit!"
(and she knew better, too)
So I darted for the clothes rack
Oh, if she only knew!
Ducking under the clothes
in the round rack I sat.
Poor Mother was in hysterics,
"Oh, where is John at?"
She ranted and raved
fearing she'd lost her son,
But I knew better,
Boy, was I having fun!

John McNeill

Thoughts on a Country Store

Cool, wooden floors
Big vats of pickles
Sodapop in bottles
Sold for twenty cents.
Tall and slim
Donned in crisp, white apron
Uncle Johnny stands
With a welcoming smile
While local news and gossip
Are discussed
By tobacco-spitting old men
On the porch.
Too soon, Aunt Bernadine shoos
Us to the truck
And back to the farm we go.

Kathy Daniels

With Me

Mother, let me touch your hand.
Are you with me, even now?
Your life has blown away like drifting sand.
Mommy, remember when you taught me to skate
And we picnicked in the park?
How you taught me about God, how to love, not hate?
Mommy became Mama, but you were still there.
First date, broken heart—
You saw me through,
Always to love me, always to care.
Mother, you may not be with me today
But your love will linger,
Forever in my heart to stay.

Kaycee Kinsey

It's O.K., Mommy

I woke up this morning
Feeling tired and alone.
Now I remember, Mom and Dad had a fight
And now my daddy is gone.

It started last night
When Daddy came in late.
Mom said, "I can't live like this,"
Her voice filled with hate.

Then what happened next
I really don't understand.
Daddy got mad, said bad words
And raised his hand!

No, he didn't hit her.
I don't understand why.
He looked at her, then at me
And like a baby started to cry.

I couldn't stand it anymore
And that was all I wanted to see.
I ran to my room, then Mommy came in
And said, "Looks like it's just you and me."

It's O.K., Mommy.
Please don't cry.

Mona Bryant

Ballad

Divorce takes away your childhood.
I can see why.
Your parents think of you as peers.
And a lot of the time you cry.

They start to hate each other.
You don't want to take sides any way.
You really wish it would stay the same,
But you feel sad when your mother moves away.

When you live with one parent you grow fast
Or your inner self might be torn.
You think you'll be poor.
If Mom asks for a thousand more.

When your mother takes your hand,
And says, "I have a boyfriend in Maryland."
Her boyfriend is sometimes an outlaw.
And hated by almost all men.

If my mother is happy,
I am happy for her.
But I hope he is good to Mom
Because I still love her.

Robert Orr

Jeep by Derrick Ladner

The Answer

Yes, I know the meaning
of a friend,
They're someone you love
until the end.

You cherish their company
but a listener, I'm not.

I'll try my hardest to
preserve our bond,
So it will last our whole life
and maybe beyond.

Our friendship is more precious
than day or night,
So I won't give it up
without a fight.

Since we split apart
it made us blue,
So, I'll try to change
just for you.

Melissa Panger

To Friends

It feels so special,
to make a person smile.
It feels so incredible,
to help a person cry.
To see a couple, to hear
a laugh, all to make the
spirit last.
It's something you feel,
something special.
It's your friend you feel for,
that someone special.

Tim Parks

"T.C.H."

Although the world seemed unfair
and happiness came to an end.
I always had someone who cared
I had you as my best friend.
Through good and bad
and sunshine and rain,
You helped me make it through
all the mistakes
and all the pain.
I want to say, "Thank you."

Donna Waltman

This One's For You

Of all the things I've ever done
And things I've yet to do,
I thought that I would take time out
And write this one for you.

If I could sing, I'd sing a song
And make the song stand true,
So everyone who heard the song
Would know that one's for you.

If I could paint, I'd paint a masterpiece
And color your world blue,
So that everyone who saw the painting
Would say, "This one's for you."

And when I'm gone, remember back
And you can be proud, you see,
Because you'll have this little poem
And think: this one's for me.

John Pease

Two-gether

Two give
Two take
Two have
Two talk
Two share
Two touch
Two hold
Two love.

Kim Walker

car
unchained, gargantuan
rolling, curving, surging
It belongs to me. Should it?

Bill Harris

A Lasting Friendship

Friends can last forever,
or at least that's what it seems;
after your first greeting,
nothing but friendship gleems.

Then one day, totally unexpected;
she caught you by surprise,
telling others thoughtless lies;
and yet seems so unaffected.

How is it one can be so cold?
They tell you secrets to gain
your trust,
For you to do the same is a must.
But if you fail to concur,
secret gossips begin to stir.
While in our classes, deep in thought,
We think of friends we should have
sought.
To think this happens all day long,
Is just as sad as a forgotten song.

They both make us sad and want to cry,
But as hard as we both might try,
It is sometimes better just to say
Good-bye.

Melisa German

No One Understands Me Quite Like You

No one understands my emptiness inside.
No one understands why I often want to cry.
No one understands my feelings, oh so deep,
And how afraid I was to let them go
For I feared the pain I might reap.
No one understands my desire to feel complete,
To stand strong, to stand tall on my own two feet.
I am moved by emotions no one else feels,
For no one understands what to me seems so real.
But I was never so blind as to not realize
There was a deep concern for my feelings within your eyes.
Deep within your soul, I could but clearly see
An understanding heart listening to me.
Oh, I pray that your friendship and understanding I never lose
Because no one understands me quite like you.

Byron Jones

For my Friend

"I don't believe I've ever thought to thank you, God, for this wonderful friend.

But I do thank you for creating her and letting her enrich my life this way.

Lord, bless and keep her, this person you fashioned and filled with qualities that have meant so much to me.

Let this person know in your own way how much she has touched my life.

Lord, thank you for my ... Friend!"

Love Always,
Deona Lazzara
15 Feb 84, Wed.

My Special Kind of Friend

When I think of something
You're always waiting right there
To see my inner thoughts,
Special feelings, and weird ones too.
You always let me get it out,
Really let my feelings show.
And I'm glad I have you,
Because sometimes there's just nothing
to turn to.

So I'm glad I have a very big collection
Of paper.

Trisha Fischer

Friends

Friends,
Friends forever,
Friends for life,
Friends, until he died,
Friends unseparable,
A friendship so rare,
Until the death angel had his share,
Tears for a friend,
Tears I cried.
Tears I'll remember, till the day I die.
The sadness I felt,
It is still here,
The sadness for a friend, who really cared.

Keith Dye

Words

I'm sort of new to this
And I'm not very good.
I can't play a piano
And I can't dance
But I've got my words
I've got my words.

Michael Woodfield

Forgotten...Friends/Forever

Did I change?
Or was it you who changed?
How could our friendship
Be rearranged?

What happended to our time?
We hardly talk anymore
You're life's so busy
Will it be the same as before?

I thought our friendship
Would never meet its end
I always wondered if you knew
The meaning of a friend.

This forgotten friendship
Where has it been?
Will our friendship be
The same, ever again?

What will happen?
Will it end? Never!
I know that we'll always be
Best of friends/forever.

Virginia Embuido

Once

Once there was
this girl I knew
I thought to myself
Does she remember me too?
Carefree laughter
of the past
I should have known
it wouldn't last
I also remember
she was my closest friend
But not anymore
To us, there was an end.

Alicia Leonard (9th)

You

I met a person in passing yesterday,
When I saw him I figured that I finally found a friend.
Well, I was wrong.
This person just didn't know how to care.

I met another person in passing last night,
When I saw him I figured that I finally found a friend.
I was wrong again.
This person didn't have the time to listen.

I've met dozens of people over the years.
Each time I thought I found a friend that would care,
I was wrong.
None of them knew how to be a friend.

Today I met you in passing.
You gave me a gentle smile and said, "Hello."
I was cold toward you because I thought you wouldn't care,
But as usual, I was wrong.
You cared, had time, and knew how to be a friend.
You also loved me for myself.

Now you are my best friend.
I thank God for bringing you into my life.
I want to thank you for being a friend to me.
Thank you, Sandy.

Margaret Kincade

Thank You

Thank you for being there
you helped me through it all,
you were there when I needed a friend,
I knew I could always call.

Thank you for your honesty
although the truth hurt more
you made me see reality
and that's what I'm thanking you for.

Donna Waltman

Birthday Cake

I got it from the kitchen,
I took it in the hall,
I got it on my finger,
And slung it on the wall.
"Get your finger out of it,
it doesn't belong to you."
I'd give you a little piece
but I don't know what you'd do.

Shannon Wilson

To: A Friend

Sometimes when life
Isn't treating me fair,
I close my eyes
And feel you near.

We used to talk, and
Know, feel, and care,
Lately, I'm not sure
If you know that I'm here.

How can I let you know
Exactly what I'm feeling?
This pain inside of me
Just isn't quite healing.

I cannot make you
Come back to me.
Open your eyes and realize
Here, for you, I'll aways be.

I'm giving you space
If that's what you want.
All of your life,
It's freedom you've sought

I keep telling myself
I will not cry,
But you know how that goes
I guess I lied.

There's no easy way
To say good-bye.
You know how I am,
I'd rather die.

So stay so very special
You know I'll be here
If ever you want
To voice any fear.

Debi Curry

Eternal Freedom

Raging winds
Splashing waters,
Darkness covers the land.
Streaks of lightning,
Frightened faces...
An abandoned child
Grabs hold to any hand.
People scurry through the streets
While bombs explode throughout the land,
Tears are frozen in one lad's eyes,
Blood flowed,
Then he died.
Fighting is over,
No victory is won
But...
Both sides have
Eternal freedom.

Shirley Jackson

Loss of a Friend

I stand here above my closest friend's grave,
Sorrowed and burdened within.
My best friend's life came to a halt
Before it had a chance to begin.

We shared everything from happiness to sorrow
And all that we knew in between,
And I'll remember for the rest of my life
The places and things that we've seen.

We were a pair, truly one of a kind,
A pair broken only by death.
A tear rolled down the side of my face
As my best friend smiled and took his last breath.

I'm going to miss him, but in a way he's not dead.
He lives in my heart and my mind.
The memories of the good times we had
Will keep us together for all time.

John Pease

My Best Friend

My best friend is the one for me
She is the nicest person you would want to see
My best friend is nice and sweet
Her charm and class just can't be beat
If you are filled with pain and sadness
My best friend can give you joy and happiness.

My best friend is sweet and kind
She is the nicest person you find:
My best friend is pretty and neat
She is the girl you would love to meet
So if you have a friend like mine,
You'll see that she is one of a kind.

Alfred Williams

Troubled Waters by Byron Jones

Tiger by Arthur Levy

The Tiger

A large, fierce, striped animal of the cat family
Beautiful to the human eyes, born to roam free
Single and complete, mysterious yet reserved
Graceful in style and motion
Intriging is the WORD.

A smart, intelligent young man of the Levy family
Clever in his motives, a chaffer he'll always be
Amusing and aspiring, amiable yet adequate
Sincere in expression and meaning
Extremely talented...that's it

A native of Asia, largest weighs over 500 pounds
The tiger has a family of cubs
Showing his affection by sound
Powerful yet dangerous, slender and refined
Injured tigers become man-eaters
Leaving their remains behind.

Arthur, you remind me of this animal
Drink your milk, we have to go
Refined you are in many ways
Stop dancing, you're stepping on my toe
The more I observe your reactions
The more I like your style
Our friendship has grown stronger
Go do your exercise, run your mile
I've done all I can to express myself
And to think I wasn't sure where to start
Try and understand one thing, dear Arthur
That lady thought you were in her cart
Stuffed or alive, short or fat
You'll always be a special tiger
My cute little kitty cat.

JoAnne M. Johnson

Child Bomb

Officers sit in a darkened bar
Drinking their problems away.
Outside the open holes in the walls
The Korean children are at play.

Later a small child wanders in
Brown eyes filled with tears,
Slowly he walks to the counter
And an officer notices his fears.

He picks the child up to calm his nerves
Not knowing what danger awaits.
A hidden bomb goes off on time;
Death is the Communist way.

Beth Curtis

People

people are strange
Their minds run like confused mice
And life—
Life the maze
Some turns—Dead ends
Others fortune
Yet they keep running,
Running in this confused maze
Called life.

Mike Woodfield

Life

Like a waterfall
with its beginning
and end,

Like a mountain
slowly, but surely
being worn away
'til nothing is left,

Like the sky
with some days
beautiful,
others gray,

Life is something
we all have
until that day
when it is taken away.

Keith Dye

A Lonely Flight

A candle burns, flaming high,
the whale's song, a seagull's cry,
a clear-blue dewdrop shimmers in the night,
a lonely eagle takes off in flight.

My feelings burn, flaming high,
My mind sings, my voice cries
My actions shimmer, I'm not sure what's right
I'm all alone in a lonely flight.

A maple tree winds in the wind
the message that a pigeon sends,
a pond of cool water shines in the sun,
two poodle puppies play for fun.

My heart aches, winding in the wind,
the message that I try so hard to send.
My mind's a cool pond that shines of one,
I do it all only for fun.

A picture enclosed in a picture frame,
a horse runs wild, no longer tame,
the still of night, everyone dreaming
Sunday's warm contentment, church bell's ringing.

My mind is enclosed in a world of shame.
My thoughts are confused and no longer tame.
Of better days I am always dreaming
But my heart still aches and my head's still ringing.

Jennifer Johnson (9th)

Life's Destiny

Life has many roads.
On these roads are turns,
turns that lead you onward,
onward, towards your destiny.

Seeking your destiny in life
Is not always easy,
but you will succeed.
Seek out and find your life's destiny.

Jerry L. Johnson

The Tramp

Tired and dirty,
He sits
Like a stone
Flung many times.
A passerby
may feel sorrow,
Then cast it aside
Knowing that
He'll survive
Another day.

Doug Walkinshaw

Begotten—Forgotten?

I
Child
begotten,
then left.
Is it
forgotten?

II
Given
to another...
who is more
than
a mother.

III
My Lady,
do you
remember
that
December night?

Kaycee Kinsey

Life

Walking out onto a deserted sandy beach, I hear the waves crashing against the rocks and the smell of fresh evening air. The sun is set in a glorious array of purple and red with yellow tinting the outskirts of the clouds. I can see the shimmering reflections of the sun on the sea, making it look like a million diamonds floating in place. The seagulls are gliding in the air just inches above the water hoping to catch a fish that has absent-mindedly floated to the top. Everything is peaceful and beautifully arranged as if there were no intruders to destroy its glamor. The wind blows cooly in my face as I sit watching life go on anxiously. I wonder to myself as I turn to go home, if the world is so beautifully created only to be destroyed and recreated. Only time can tell.

Angie Abercrombie

Solitary Girl by Arthur Levy

Runaway

There she is huddled
in a corner, scared of what
she has accomplished.
Digging in trashcans for food
is now her way of survival.
Wandering streets unknown to her.
Looking for a place to sleep at
night.
Tapped on the shoulder by a
stranger, asking her if she'd
like a warm bed and food.
Being so needy she will accept
this offer of terror and hate.
Now recovered and well fed, he
puts her to work on the streets
and taking the phone calls.
Sleeping with men she doesn't know
is now her way of survival.
She runs again, cold and scared of
what she has done to herself
and others.
She has built up so much hate for
herself and the world around
her.
To rid her pains and fears she
places a piece of glass to her
stomach and kills herself.
Now she is dead and feels no pain
or sorrows. Just an unmeaningless
life caused by her.

Trisha Fischer

The Victory

An old man sits alone,
Clothes shredded and torn
Shoes with no soles,
Grey socks filled with holes.

Cold air rushes by
As he lies quietly on the ground
Searching for eternal sleep.
Instead, misery he must keep.

Daily this torture he goes through.
Having seen it all before, none is new.
Yet, the day will soon come
When the victory, death, is won.

Beth Curtis

Korea

death comes suddenly
to innocent humans
caught in the cold war.

An orphanage looms in the distance
as the Marine jeep lumbers up the hill.
Screams of joy
which fill the air
as children run out
spying Christmas presents
piled on the seat
turn to fright
when their small eyes recognize the Marines' guns
(the enemy that killed their mothers and fathers).
Scattering, they run into the hills.
Only when guns are removed is the bitterness
of remembrance eased.
Returning, they gather around the Marines.
Joy once more fills their voices.

death comes suddenly
to innocent humans
caught in the cold war.

Beth Curtis

Why?

What are we to think of life?
And what are we to do?
If we just can't cope with it.
May I ask this of you?
Why do we have problems?
And why is there so much to learn?
Why are there too many complications,
Why isn't anyone concerned?
Why do we have so many bombs?
And why do we have to fight?
Couldn't nations get along
And join together to make things right?
Why don't we know the answers?
Why do we just not care?
Why do we want to ruin ourselves
And the neighbors with the world we share?
Think of this before you want a war...
Before, not when you are through...
If you think of the lives of others
Next time they might think of you.

Lori Brown (9th)

Love Makes Miracles

My life has ended,
now I rest in heaven.
God has given me an opportunity to relive
one day in my life on earth.
I have chosen the day that I was born.

My mother smells the sweetness of my
soft skin.
As she treasures the moments that my father
securely cradles me in his strong arms.
In their minds and hearts they admire
one another,
For the magical gift they have given
the world
The fragments, the newborn child, the
miracle that they together have created.

Meanwhile, life will continue and soon the
lives of the child's parents will come
to an end.
Soon they will be forgotten.

But, their love shall go on forever, as
I am a result of their love for one
another.

Deona M. Lazzara

Baby Face by Beverly Runge

Journal Entry

Day 1, Semester two. It seems forever that we must endeavor this life so strong. Yet, every day, like the last, has to pass. This world—so big, yet people are so small. An individual that may be great, yet still so small. In this universe so vast, not fast can we cover. Yet, death has its toll—a toll more expensive than our immortal soul. Our life is our ticket, our soul is our fee...life is a concert that we cannot flee because...our tickets have been reserved.

James Beaver

Life Is Awakening

a tiny crack appears—
    marring the perfection of the ovoid sphere.
        the egg quivers,
the miracle begins—
    continuing patiently
        until it ends.
a faint peep is heard—
    a wet yellow chick struggles...
        into life.

Kaycee Kinsey

Just to be Me

As I get older,
I think about how
I will be when old and gray.
Will I still have fun?
Will I still be at home with Mom and Dad?
Or will I be on my own?

Will I like little ones
As my grandparents do?
Will I be able to relate
To my children's problems,
Most likely like mine of today?
Will I be able to laugh and joke
And reminisce about the "good ole days"?

Or will I be an old fuddy duddy,
Like the troll who lived under a bridge?
Like the old man who lived back in the hills,
Not wanting to see everyone
Or caring for anybody?
Will I be like Scrooge
And make life miserable
For those around me?

Oh, I hope not.
I just want to be me!

Kyle Head

The Lament

Today is my birthday,
But there is no celebration.
Seventeen years ago I was born
And two years ago...I died.

My memory has been framed
And hung upon the wall.
My family and friends don't think of me now
Just as they didn't when I was with them.

I am in a room full of people,
Yet, all alone.
I am often glanced at
But very seldom noticed.

Every now and then
Someone will comment,
But there is no love
As there wasn't when I was living.

I wish there were some way
I could fall off this wall
And break into a thousand pieces

Oh, how sad I was,
A desperate young girl of fifteen
To take my own life,
Yet,
Sadder is my portrait
That must still linger on.

Beth Curtis

Volcano

With the roaring thunder from the sky,
A starving child begins to cry.
Taken quickly into his mother's arms;
Her body shelters him from harm.

As the sky begins to darken,
And the trees cease to blow;
From a great black mountain
Red fire quickly rolls.

Now running for their lives
Being chased by death,
For they know it will kill
All that they have left.

As they seek a safe shelter,
The mother prays...
That she and her child
Live longer days.

With love and care
She protects her child,
And comforts him
With words so mild:

"Don't cry, my child,
But to my bosom come near,
For only our God can control
What causes such fear."

Byron Jones

The Road of Life

If you live your life
Going fifty-five,
You're sure to see more
And longer survive.

But if you speed
And drive too fast,
You'll soon find out
You've run out of gas.

So listen to me.
Don't risk your neck
Or your life will end
In a fatal wreck.

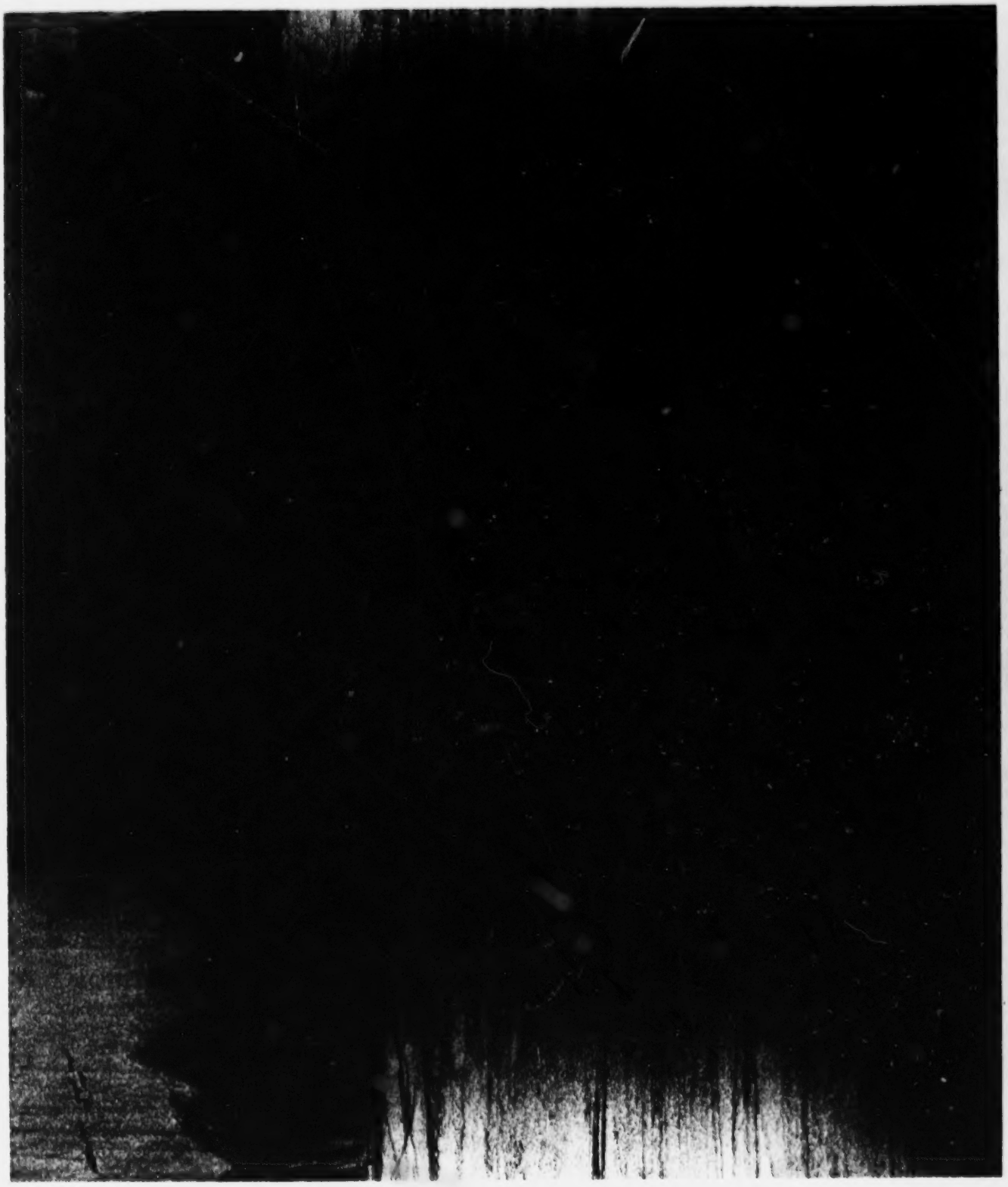
Just take your time
Watch the signs
And live your life
To your car's design.

Michelle Panger

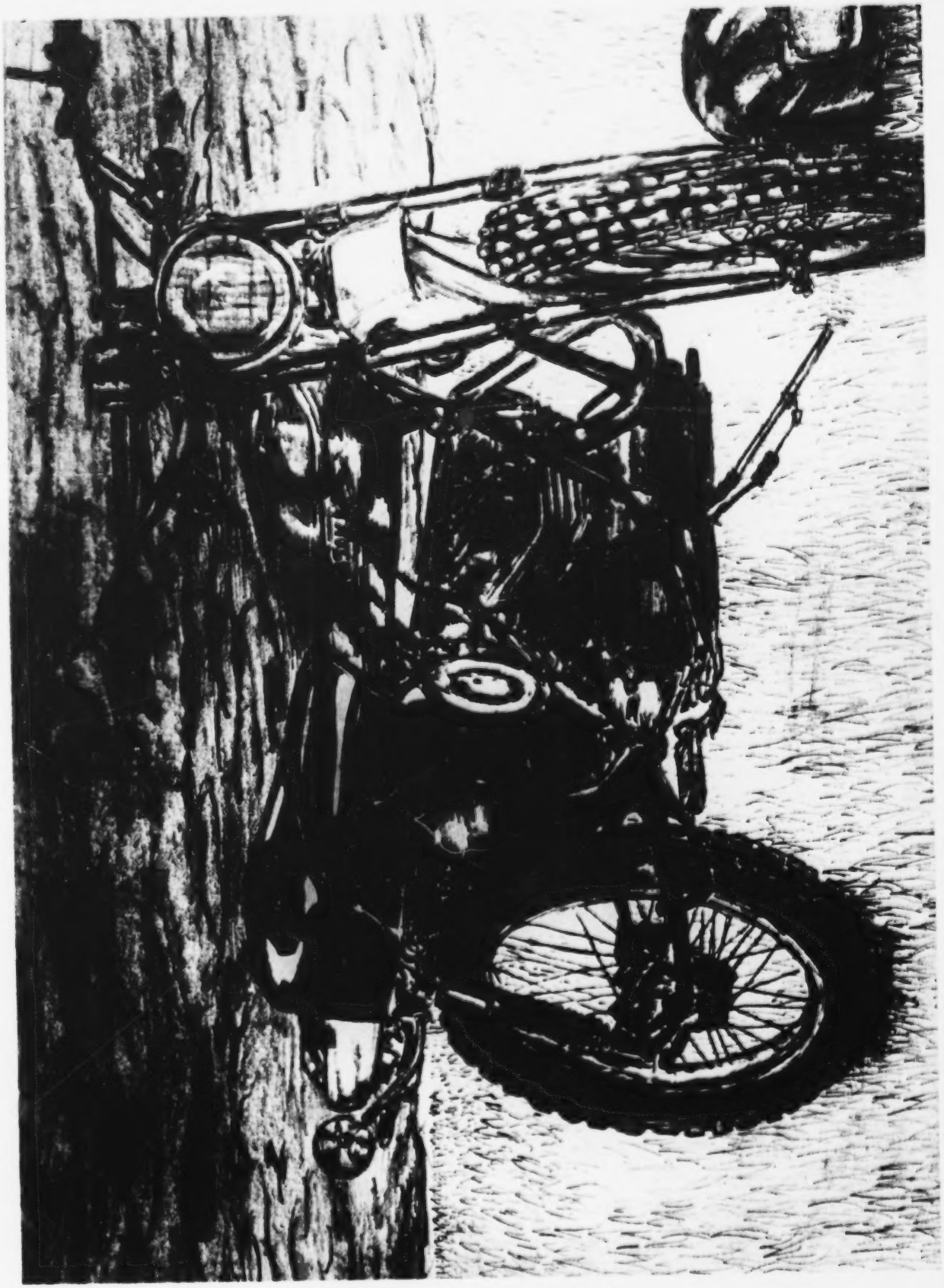
Too Old Too Fast

a bowl of cottage cheese three meals a day,
gnawing food with dentures,
can no longer hit that 10-foot jump shot,
or slam dunk behind the back,
can no longer do a bicycle kick without knocking something out of place.
feeling guilty about getting an additional 15% off prescription medicine,
having to wear long pants at the beach,
Preparation H is my biggest living expense!
I dread any physical contact with my wife.
I'd rather take out the garbage than go to bed.
I stay up and watch David Letterman hoping Ethel will
fall asleep.

Kevin Hermetz



Volcano by Byron Jones



Motorcycle by Wendy Greenberg

How Easy It Would Be
To End A Life

How easy it would be to end a life!
To take from a mortal the part that makes him tick.
His inner soul and thoughts no longer his
Destroyed and never to be built again.
The imposter Death has no pity on anyone,
Neither rich nor poor nor young nor old.
It strikes without a warning or sound
Not satisfied by just one soul but
constantly hungry for more.
Searching the earth in its never ending,
never satisfied quest.
Taking from families their backbone of life
Ripping apart happy times and memories,
or putting to rest an unhappy person
and keeping him from the spoils of life.
With one fatal swoop,
Death claims a soul.

Joan Davis

Why Can't It Be?

Sometimes I wish that I
Could say what you mean to me,
But whenever those eyes I see
All I can think is, why can't it be?

I wish you knew how much I care.
Honestly, you just don't know.
When all I want is for you to be there,
How can I watch you go?

Hours I've spent watching my dreams
With you always at my side.
But, in actuality it seems,
As though you just can't decide.

I was always there for you,
And you there for me.
But no matter what you would do
I still wondered, why can't it be?

I love and try, but I just can't win
Don't you care, can't you see?
So, I wonder again,
WHY CAN'T IT BE?

Paula Groom

You and I

(dedicated to Mitch)

I never knew how wonderful
My life could really be
Until I fell in love with you
And knew that you loved me.
I used to wish
    With all my heart
that as the years go by
    We'll find
Still greater joys to share
    Together—You and I!
And now all I wish for
Is that you would be my friend
Especially after all of the love we had
Nothing as special as that could just end.
    But it did
When you said you needed time
Well, I gave it to you
But you just took too much time.
I waited for you so long
And I'll wait until the end
But now the end has come
All I can hope for is a friend.

Melissa Bourne

If Things Were Different...

If things were different, we'd be together,
not for a while, but forever.
We'd be able to express how we really care,
but as of now, we wouldn't dare.

Life is hard, so I've heard,
yet, I never believed a single spoken word,
but now that I've found you, I won't let you go
even if I'm heading for another big blow.

If things were different, it would mean so much,
to see and be with you—feel your touch.
We'd have no regrets: we'd be so complete,
just being together would make life sweet.

Being your friend has made me happy,
I've even shocked my parents by not being snappy.
The future holds what will be:
Happiness for both you and me.

JoAnne M. Johnson

Remember the Night You Left Me

I have tears of remembrance
I have tears in my eyes
I can hear your laughter
I can hear your cries.

I remember the night you left me
I had nowhere to go
I hope you give back your love
I really hope so.

I was cold and crying
There in the dark
I had tears in my eyes
And a broken heart.

I tell you I love you
But you think it's a scheme
But your memory is always there
Even when I dream.

Remember those rainy days
And those cold nights
I wish you were here
To hold me tight.

Can't you forget it
And forgive me now
I will make it up to you
I will somehow.

Can you see the future?
Us together again.
We've lost too many times
So we're bound to win.

Joe Fick

No More

So now you're back with her.
It should be easy to see.
She is the one you love.
It never was really me.

I loved you once,
and maybe I still do,
but I have to live my own life.
No more waiting for you!

I'm glad I'm not blind now,
No more taking me for a fool.
I've seen through your little game
Now I'm going to play it cool.

I wish it could have been different.
Lord knows that I tried!
Well, no more false hopes for me,
no more dreams of those green eyes.

Well, it's over for good now.
I hope I can get over you.
It's really been hard so far.
I just don't know what else to do.

I'm glad I learned early in life
of things that guys will do.
Never again will I let things happen
the way I did with you.

Well, Babe, it's your loss, not mine.
Getting over you is the key,
but as the song goes,
There ain't no getting over me!

Beverly Morgan

Lady by Patricia Rigney

Midnight Seduction

Screams of silence
break through the night's rage
for the Beast
has been released from its cage.

She's looking for a new victim
to prey upon
draining his love
so her life will carry on.

See her eyes stare
through the darkness of the room.
She's looking for someone
to share her tomb.

But her eyes show innocence
and the pain.
For deep inside she knows
The Beast will strike again.

The time will come
Yes, it'll arrive.
For on people like you
She'll survive.

She has the Beast within
But can it be tamed?
She's sworn to vengeance
and Man's to blame.

Death is the game
Souls to be stole
She holds the dice
Now it's your roll.

Her claws tear
at your heart.
Now your life together
will start.

She's the beauty of your dreams,
the nightmares of your fears.
She's the beast within
And now she's here.

Joe Fick

What A Waste

I was waiting at a table
In an all-too-lonely bar
When through the silence of the night
I heard the rumbling of a car

It echoed through the vacuum
Then came to a screeching halt
The driver glided through the door
It was the man my dreams had sought

His eyes were a hue of such blue
That they engulfed me with one glance
And sent me drifting though an ocean
That was filled to please and enhance

His hair was dark as ebony
And as straight as an arrow's flight
It reminded me of a fierce panther's coat
At the moment he means to strike

His physique was scarcely hidden
By his extreme, form-fitting clothes
I could tell he was ready for action
By the attire that he chose

Then he started walking towards me
So I bashfully turned away
But he walked past me to meet a guy
My God! This man is gay!

I just glanced at him in disgust for a moment
Then left in a frantic haste
His handsome face flashed through my mind
as I thought, "My God, what a waste!"

Michelle Panger

Jealousy

Who would ever think
That such a young pair
Could ever be broken up
By jealousy, unfair?
Not jealousy of friends
Or anything of that kind;
But of a jealous mother.
How could she be so blind?
Caring went too far
He was only growing up.
It was just a jealous mother,
You know, that kind of stuff.
But if she only knew
Of her son's special love
Not for his someone special
But for the jealous one.

Kelee Ruddy

Honeysuckle

The smell of honeysuckle
reminds me of the summer,
and of you, laughing, under
the sun.
But now as winter arrives
I begin to cry as the
honeysuckle dies
with our love.

Lana Hancock

Crying Wolf

You
have brought
the story of the little
boy who cried wolf to
life.

You
cried, "I
need you," and
I came running.
But you didn't really need
me.

You
cried, "I
care for you"
and I believed,
only to get hurt
again.

You
cried, "I'll
love you always"
But to you, I,
attention did not
pay.

Maybe
you were
sincere and
maybe you weren't,
we'll never know now,
Will we?

Dewanna Varnado

First Kiss

tender
    sensual
        yet...innocent
sweet
    gentle...
        first kiss

Alicia Leonard (9th)

Tony

First, there are no hurt feelings;
No pain in my heart
Just a sparkle of hope
That might never part.
Just a thing that's still there
The rest has been taken.
Just a little care
Now, a pain has awakened
Something is missed
Something never there
Just a rememberance
That you had once cared
No date to remember
No kiss had been left
Not even a touch
But, a memory left.
If there were a date
Something left to swear
It would hurt twice as bad
But, at least it was there.

Kelee Ruddy

Never Never Land

Baby, hold my hand as
We take a stroll through never, never land
We'll walk through the night
And let time pass us by.
Put your head on my shoulder.
Baby, please don't cry.
Look at the stars and the clouds
    as they roll along
And now, babe, we're where we belong.
If time would permit,
I would always hold your hand
And nothing could move us from never,
    never land.
Look at the sea of crystal blue.
All of this was created for me and you.
Now we enter this world of serenity,
Nothing can take us from where we want
    to be.

Joe Fick

That Special Someone

Here I am thinking about my past
trying to keep those special memories to last.
I think of all the people that I have met
and remember that special one I'll never forget.
She was kind, warm, sincere, and sweet
The kind of person I've always wanted to meet.
In my eyes she was the perfect one for me
but soon we had to part, that's the way it had to be.
From time to time I think of her
reminiscing the moments we spent together.
She was someone I really cared for.
I just wish I could see her once more.
The feeling I had for her has now gone away
but the memories in my heart will always stay.

Phillip Embuido

Eternal Warmth

Love is a word only very few know,
Though many repeat it and don't often
mean it,
Love is a word only very few know.

You see it in the hearts and eyes of few
Your loved ones,
Your friends,
Those who truly love you.

You see it in the smiles of children at play
You hear it when a friend greets you each day.

But a mother's smile or her gentle caress
Shows eternal love at its best.

John McNeill

Sentimental Love

The wind is whispering in my ear
love is sentimental.
The sound of this is sweet and clear
and also fundamental.
I'm looking up now in your eyes
to see the love I've missed.
To wonder why I feel so bad
from every tear I've kissed.
Time has passed and you are gone
but I will always see,
that I've had you in my arms
and all your love to keep.

Angie Abercrombie

David Is...

as cool as the wind that whispers
of the coming spring.

as sweet as the scent of honeysuckles,
that the flowing breezes bring.

as warm as a day in June, when bees
are busy at work.

as strong as a locomotive that leaves
the station with a jerk.

as careful as a hummingbird sipping
sweetness from a flower.

as dependable as an antique clock that
chimes on every hour.

as colorful as the trees in autumn when
they've just begun to turn.

as playful as a mischievous kitten
with lessons yet to learn.

as brave as a lion, which roams the
jungle wide.

as sure as a mountain goat leaping
down a mountainside.

as handsome as the finest steed that
ever blessed this land.

as daring as a gallant knight and
surely just as grand.

as wise as "the wise old owl" which
sits up in a tree.

yet, gentle when it comes to love—
the love he shares with me.

Sissy Wright

The Red Rebel

There is one basketball player
I really must brag about.
Because he has a shot that
will knock all eyes out.

I'll give a couple of hints
to describe him to you.
He plays for Harrison Central's
team, and his number is 22 (twenty-two)

He used to play football
and his jersey was number one.
He is going to run track
so he must be having fun.

If you haven't figured out
which Rebel I'm talking about.
I have two last hints that just
might help you out.

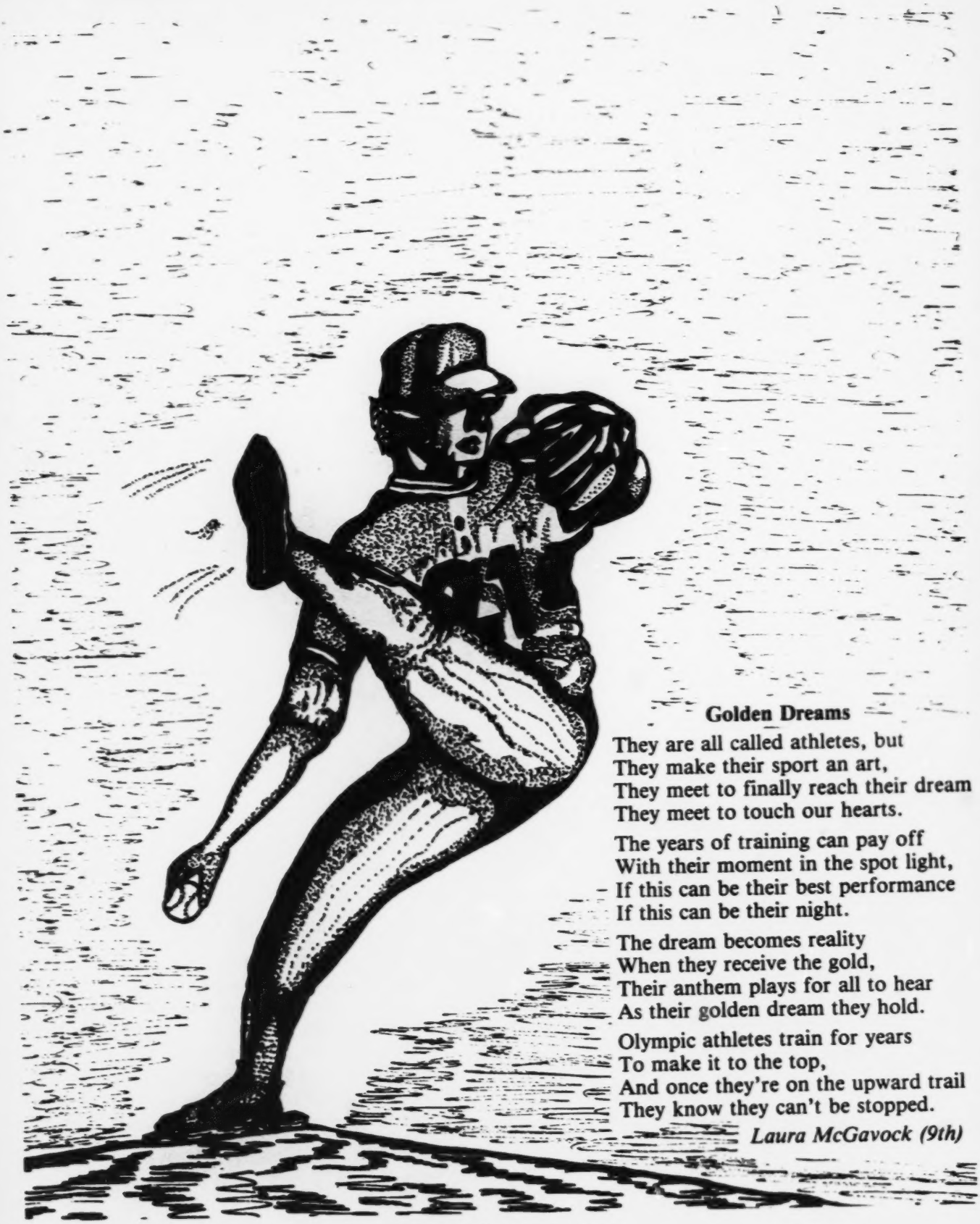
When he's in the mood
he can be a little devil.
His name is James White
and he is that one Reb Rebel.

Chandra White (9th)

Rainbow of Love

A sky of blue for eternity,
A sliver of purple for loyalty true,
A band of red for love everlasting,
A line of orange for my dreams of you.
A strip of yellow for cheerfulness,
A margin of green for beginnings anew,
Then blue again for time never ending,
A rainbow bringing my love to you.

Angie Abercrombie



Golden Dreams

They are all called athletes, but
They make their sport an art,
They meet to finally reach their dream
They meet to touch our hearts.

The years of training can pay off
With their moment in the spot light,
If this can be their best performance
If this can be their night.

The dream becomes reality
When they receive the gold,
Their anthem plays for all to hear
As their golden dream they hold.

Olympic athletes train for years
To make it to the top,
And once they're on the upward trail
They know they can't be stopped.

Laura McGavock (9th)

Strike Two by Byron Jones

Pot of Gold

Follow the rainbow and you shall find
A pot of gold hidden in your mind
The colors of the rainbow are the glow of the gold
Which shines bright and bold.

Yet look at your life and you will see
That even you need some glee
But think of that gold
That which shines bright and bold.

With that thought in your mind
And also being kind
I think you no longer need to be told
That you can shine bright and bold.

Mark Stone (9th)

Once It Was You

Once it was you
who made me laugh
when I was sad
and held me when I was
lonely.
Once it was you
who called me every night
and told me
you loved me
when I needed it most.
Once it was your smile
and that cute little dimple
that warmed me
and made me happy
But now all I have to console me
when I'm missing you is a stuffed puppy
that you gave me
and as I hold him in my hands,
he stares at me through dark, shiny
eyes...
and I think he misses you, too.

Beverly Morgan

Inspiration—or the Lack of It

I looked and I looked
And I never did see,
Not a subject at all
That was of interest to me.

I searched and I searched
But I could not find
Just the rights words to say
What I had in mind.

I listened and I listened
And I didn't hear,
Not one sound that was
Pleasant to my ear.

I wondered and I wondered
But no thought ever came,
Now don't you laugh
Because you've done the same.

I picked up a pencil and
I started to write,
And guess what happened
To me that night.

I wrote and I wrote
And guess what it said,
Well, you'll never find out
'Cause I broke the lead.

Leigh Parker (9th)

Shakespeare Up-to-Date on Antony's Oration

Antony. Dudes, players, studs, ya'll listen up;
I'm here to bury this stiff, not party with him.
Ya'll can't forget the bad trips the man was on;
And the good ones bite the dust with him;
Don't treat this man no better. This stud Brutus
Is trippin' on the idea that Caesar was flyin' too high;
If this is true, he was on one of those bad trips,
And, you see, he paid for it through the nose, too.
I'm talking at ya', thanks to Brutus and the rest of the Poindexters
'Cause Brutus is a trippin' playboy, as are all the other Poindexters.
I'm only here to talk at Caesar's last jam-out.
He was my amigo, never stabbed him in the back;
But Brutus said he was flyin' too high,
And Brutus is a real trippin' playboy.
Old Caesar bagged a lot of jailbirds for Rome,
And the prices on their heads filled a lot of change purses;
Did this seem like he was flyin' too high?
'Cause when the poor folks hit the tears, old Caesar slobbered all over himself, too.
Flyin' too high should be made out of a better grade of Whizz;
Yet ole trip-a-long says he was flyin' too high,
And Brutus is a real trippin' playboy.
Ya'll saw old Caesar at the Lupercal Throw-Down
When I offered him the "Burger King hat" three times
And every time he said, "Dat's O'kay." Was this flyin' too high?
Yet old slap-a-long says he was flyin' too high
And fer sure, he's a real trippin' out playboy.
I'm not callin' the man a liar,
I'm just feedin' what I know to ya'll.
Ya'll used to think the man could junk it, and not without reason,
'Cause he could really throw-down;
So what's holdin' ya' back from hittin' the tears for him now?
Good God Almighty! Can't see the fire fer the smoke.
Ya'll are just out to lunch.
Hang on a sec; the tears have washed my heart into the crate with Caesar,
Let me find it and I'll get back to ya'.

Doc Estes

The Assassination of Julius Caesar

Eight brave men
With one thought in their heads
A strong determination
To have Caesar dead.

For some it was jealousy
Just to watch him bleed
For others it was love for Rome
Killing him was a good deed.

Caesar was a good man
But his ambition grew
For him to rule the country
That, he could not do.

Beware the Ides of March
But Caesar did not heed
Artemidorus with a warning
Still, Caesar did not read.

Ready and eager with daggers drawn
There's shock on Caesar's face
After a struggle, he has no choice
And dies at Pompey's base.

The Ides of March has come and gone
That day has long since passed
The people mourned this great loss
But his memory will always last.

Lisa Tamayo

Eternity

(dedicated to Beth Curtis)

My love for you
Like a rare diamond,
More beautiful than the brightest
of rainbows
Grows more precious through the years.
Revealing itself for the first time
Gone unnoticed,
'til the warmth and tenderness
of a sincere heart opened for all to see
Like a tender rose opens to the
warmth of the sun.

My eternal love flows out to you
for being that rose
For entrusting in me the key to your heart,
A key which no other living soul has seen
For letting your emotions guide the way,
Kindling a flame that will burn

for

ETERNITY

John McNeill

Blossoming Love

A beautiful blossom of love grows
in the emptiness of my heart
as the light of loneliness
extinguishes itself and
recedes into the darkness
of the night to find someone else.

Jeff McGee

My Day

A single smile,
A quick hug,
A peck on the cheek,
or
The smallest of compliments
Can make my day.

The chirp of a bird,
The whisper of the wind,
A ray of sunshine,
or
The "splash" of a raindrop
Can make my day.

The thought of you,
The smell of your cologne,
The sound of your voice,
or
The feel of your touch
Can make my day.

Dewanna Varnado

Laurie by James Beaver 51

Love Is Like A Rose Bush

Love is like a rose
in a beautiful pose
for all to see,
    even me.

Love is even more like the bush itself
for if you proceed to pick the flower,
you'll sometimes get pricked by a thorn
and then look upon the flower with scorn.

Let not the thorn bother you
for it makes only a small wound
which will soon heal.
Proceed to pick the rose
and bring it closer to your heart
so that your heart shall shine in its radiance.

Let not the thorn bother you
for you will soon recover
and pick another
    rose.

Jeff McGee

Bewitching

flowing blond curly hair
enchanting aqua-blue eyes
small sensuous lips
dazzling, slim shape
movements so refined
clothes fitting just right—
she places my heart into a trance.

Jairus Medley

My Broken Heart

Once I had a broken heart.
I felt rejected and unwanted.
Along came a special guy.
Who took me on picnics and to the beach.
We had a lot of fun.
I loved and felt loved.
Then one day I found a note.
My love was gone.
Then came back,
My broken heart.

Maria Mercado

Revenge by Byron Jones

REVENGE

by Byron Jones

He was hurt inside, or was it guilt? He has never loved anyone so much as her. To see her hurt would usually bring tears to his eyes, but this time it was different.

As they faced each other in the dark, not a word was said nor a tear shed. She, still in shock and trembling all over, feared what was building up in his mind. She knew he was not the same for she sensed a different feeling within him.

She was scared, but could not bear such a silence anymore. As she slowly began to say his name, he fled—running further into the darkness. What was in his mind? As he ran, he cried out her name. His feelings began to show something never seen in him before. His heart seemed to be tearing and pouring out a feeling of hatred and pain. But, like never before, he felt guilt and still wanted someone else to blame, someone to hurt.

He wanted revenge!

It Started With A Kiss

One day you'll understand
why I'm telling you this.
I couldn't find a better way,
but, it started with a kiss.

It was a kiss that blew me away
high on Cloud Nine,
And as I thought about it,
I knew you were mine.

They said we were cute together
and it was meant to be,
Then, why did it have to come to an end?
That, I couldn't see.

You said that we'd be friends.
I believed it to be true, but
As the weeks went by,
I understood that we were through.

For now I bid you a farewell
and have a nice life.
Whoever the next one is,
I hope that she's right.

Monica Larsen

Best Wishes

Though I don't see you much
And our feelings are not the same,
I wish the very best for you,
Happiness without pain.

Though it's all over now
And our separate ways we go,
I wish the very best for you
And thought I'd let you know.

So, when the days turn into nights
And my mind drifts to the past,
I wish the very best for you
And hope your good times last.

Shannon Wilson

From A Person Who Once Loved

I can't believe I cared so much
And let you hurt me so,
But as I look in retrospect,
What a way to grow!

You saw only what you wanted,
Even when there was no gain.
I hope someday you'll realize
I wasn't all to blame.

I've found someone to care for me
Just the way I am.
Funny, the things he enjoys most
Are what you couldn't stand.

Like having a mind of my own,
Not being a puppet on a string,
Standing up for what I believe
And many other things.

The things you found meaningful,
I hope will fill the void
Of all the years you've thrown away
That could have been enjoyed.

I wish you luck
In whatever you may do.
Take this for what it's worth.
From a person who once loved you.

Debra Blakney

Temple, Bogart, Sharif
by Deona Lazzara

Dedication

Actors and actress' is what they say,
read all about them in the Enquirer today.

There's Bogart, Temple, Omar Sharif,
they dedicated their lives to society.

There were times that we laughed and times
that we cried,
but we could never hide our emotions inside.

They live on as legends do,
for ordinary people like me and you.

So if you're wondering what to say,
stand up and tell them,
"We've loved ya all the way!"

Deona Lazzara

Dusk at HCHS

students are gone,
teachers, too
only a light breeze
and dank darkness remain,
to rule the school
throughout the cool night.
flagpole rattling,
crisp leaves rustling,
fill the stillness
with total ecstasy.
slow drips from leaky roofs
break the silence
keeping dark creatures company.
engulfed in the evening,
the school stands quietly.
young daybreak
lies only hours away.

Doug Walkinshaw

High School

I was tardy for class
and walking the hall
I passed the bathroom
and heard someone call
"Come on in, man,
this ain't half bad.
Join right in,
it's the latest fad."
So, I walked on in
which wasn't too sane
the smell of that stuff
relieved all my pain.
I asked, "What'cha doin'?"
To get to the point,
come to find out,
they were smoking a joint.

Shannon Wilson

Commencement

White caps
Red tassels
    assemble before a restless room
    as excitement and sorrow baffle
    the faces who march towards
    the last milestone
    of an interminable journey,
    nervously awaiting
    the majestic, yet personal, moment
    to receive what has taken
    twelve enduring steps to accomplish
    throughout the years.

Oceans
    replace the sight of some
    as thoughts of friends,
    good times,
    and bad
    struggle to await the successor.
Beyond the doors of graduation we'll
    taste life
    bite independence
    stroll towards adulthood
    and (above all)
    miss beloved friends.

Charlotte Banks

(dedicated to my best friend, JoAnne Johnson)

Glances in the Library

Girl: Sitting at the table
staring to the other end
pretending not to notice
when that certain boy walks in.

Boy: Walking in that crowded room
singling out that special one
sitting there all alone
I wonder if she is lonesome.

Girl: I've been waiting for so long
for someone just like you.
I'm at a loss for words
I don't know what to do.

Boy: Realizing all the homework
that I need to do,
I decided to find a book
and get my mind off you.

Girl: My eyes follow as
you walk across the room,
trying not to stare,
hoping you'll come my way soon.

Boy: I found my book—
the one I knew—
the one that is right
just like you.

Girl: I wish that he would sit here
though I know it can't be done.
I'm saving the seat beside me
for you, my only one.

Boy: I need to find a seat
but I don't know just where.
There is one beside her.
I wonder if she would care.

Girl: I look up and he's coming over.
He smiles gently as he sits.
He says, "I have homework."
and I say, "Isn't life the pits?"

Boy: The relationship that started
with glances seldom seen
has blossomed into love
of which many dream.

Laura Reeves (9th)

Skin

Is it dark
like the mud when it rains?
or is it white like sugar—
and becomes sweet?

Does it show one's personality?
or does it stand for grounds—
of a person's judgment?

Maybe it just covers
like the sands of time.

Jerry Johnson

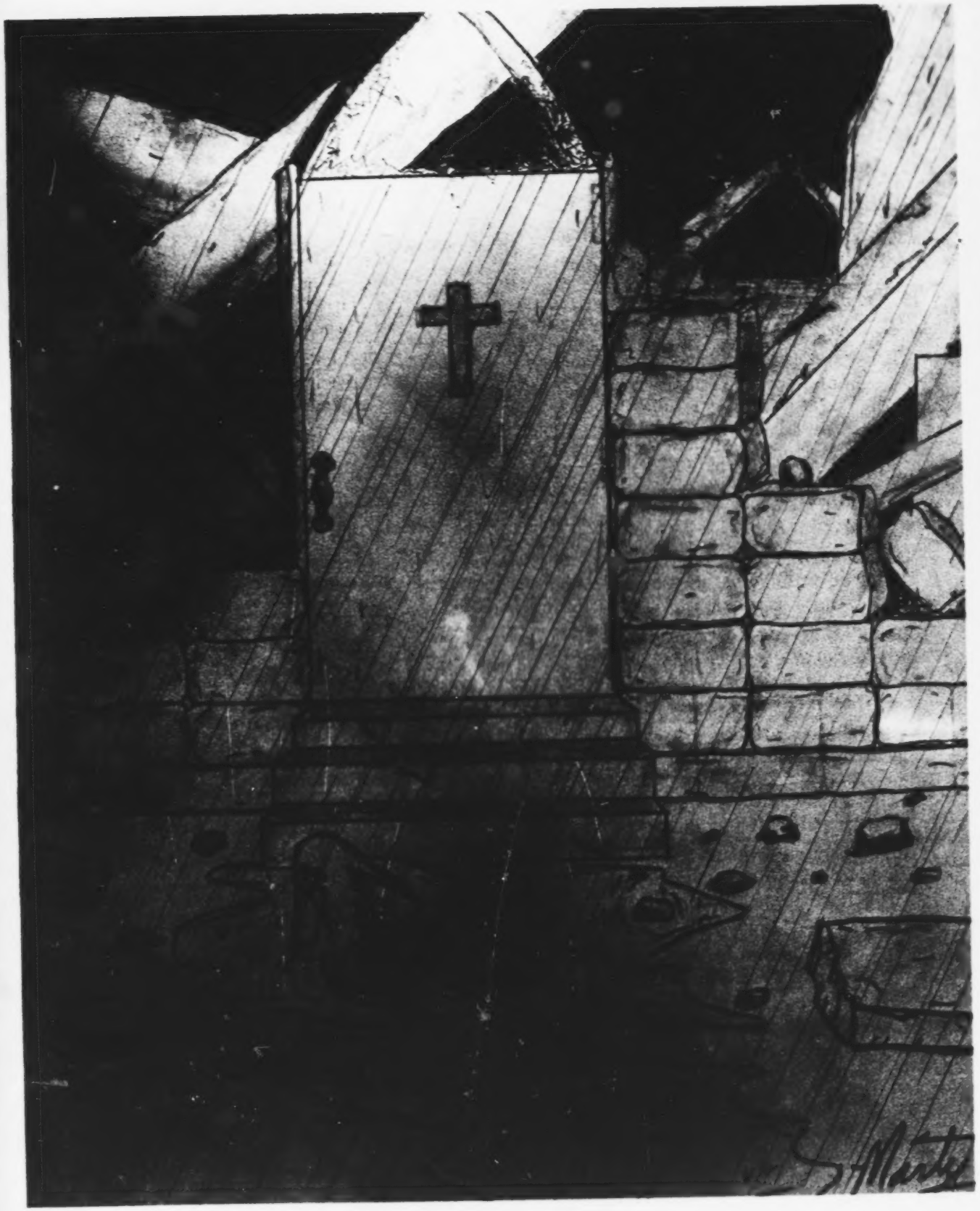
Anticipation

Anticipation brings excitement
Laughter brings joy
Sadness brings pain
These feelings we can't destroy.

Pain throughout the body
Heartache within the mind
Souls always reaching
Happiness we may never find.

Wondering about tomorrow
Hoping for today
Wanting memories of the past
Was always meant that way.

Virginia Embuido



The Storm by Marty Kemmer

The Storm

My life has been a storm,
Ever wind and rain
My life is just a storm
Of loneliness and pain.

Alone in the storm
Where is the warmth? the love?
Can there be no shelter
From the rains from above?

I dream of a sanctum,
Of a blazing fire
The warmth and the light,
To be inside.

It's lonely here.
The rain is cold.
To steal a fire,
I'm not that bold.

The darkness is infinite
But sometimes lightning strikes.
Just a flash, then it's over
And darker seems the night.

The wind is so fierce,
I can barely stand.
It has beaten and battered
This shadow of a man.

My life has been a storm
Again, again, and again.
My life is just a storm.
Will I ever win?

Marty Kemmer

Which Way

I stood confused in the middle of it all
Do I follow other people or
Do I alone stand or fall?
The decision, I'm afraid, is all mine
Do I live with all or
Myself on cloud nine?
Look around and what do I see
Drugs and alcohol everywhere
But none of this for me
So my decision is done
If all people go to cloud nine
I'm on cloud one.

Mark Stone (9th)

Depression

only an emotion
tearing at your soul,
coming unexpectantly
to play its harrassing role.
You think it's eternity
but no—
it's gone
you find yourself
back where you started.
Light-hearted and happy
don't get too excited
'cause it's waiting
to continue its role
further on down the road.

Doug Walkinshaw

The Unknown Child

He never saw a ray of light.
He never saw a day.
He never got to love.
He never got to play.

He pushed around in darkness,
He was just playing around.
Never knowing that his time
Was always running down.

He wished he could have been
free, for just a little while.
He was an abortion baby
but called the unknown child.

Chandra White (9th)

The Painter

With brush in hand and steady stroke
He charts a world unknown.
Down sweeps the line of pastel sky
From palest paper brown.
Vermillion, mauve, and gentle green
Separate, then blend to white.
A dreamy landscape beckons one
To leave the world behind.
The artful brush and muted hues
An enchanted world create.
Oh, that I might be part of it,
The painter's great escape!

Kathy Daniels

The Ballad of Robert E. Lee

Once a long time ago
There was a child
Who was very fiesty
And very wild.

While growing up
Not worrying about a thing
He didn't know
What life would bring.

Years passed
And he soon found
That there was trouble
All around.

I guess Mr. Lee
Wanted to be more
And soon he was found
In the Civil War.

Brave and strong
He was always willing to fight
Even sometimes
Until late at night.

With his men
And with his grayish beard
He was out fighting
Just like he was never scared.

After four long years
He finally surrendered
And by many people
He will always be remembered.

When I look at his picture
This is what I see
The greatest of generals...

Robert E. Lee.

Jay Bullen

Sunshine Johnny

Sunshine to my world
Is being with you
And knowing no one can do the things we do.

Sunshine to my world
Is hoping one day you will see
That you alone mean the world to me.

Sunshine to my world
Is seeing your face
And knowing no other can ever take your place.

Sunshine to my world
Is hoping you care
When all the others are unfair.

Sunshine to my world
Is knowing you're my friend
And will be until the end.

Sunshine to my world
Is just having you around...

Pam Rhodes

A No Non-"Scents" Poem

Girls and perfume,
Squirt, dab, spray.
We spend money on scented liquids
Just to get the guys to "sniff" our way.
Jontue at our wrists,
Toujour Moi behind the ear,
A dab of *Cie* on the elbows,
Heaven Sent there and here.
A little *Enjoli* on our necks,
Just a touch of *Emeraude* on our nose,
Chanel No. 5 behind the knees,
Even some *Charlie* on our toes.
We raise this "great big stink"
With hopes that we used the right kind,
But we forgot
That only *Wind Song* stays on his mind.

Dewanna Varnado

Rick Springfield

You wish he was yours
I wish he was mine
Just look at that face
MMM so fine
His hair is so black
His eyes are so blue
I'm having an attack
What should I do?
He makes us feel weak
as he appears on the stage
He just looks so good,
all the girls start to rage.
His first name is Rick
and he really looks good
We all want to meet him,
if only we could!

Donna Waltman

62

Boy George by Donnelle Scott

Boy
wild, unique
singing, dancing, humoring
He's going strong. Will I ever meet him?

Teri McMullen

76

Desperado by Acey Jurkiewicz

Septone

He went in the bank, gun in hand,
said, "Give me
your loot
and I will
not shoot. Good day and bang,
bang, bang."

C.V. Meadows

Summer Serenity

No clouds in the sky,
sunlight fills the air.
In the forest cows chat while birds banter.
No one is really going anywhere—
it's just a lazy day,
the kind that makes me say,
"I'll do it tomorrow."
A guy and his gal
stroll along a tree-covered way,
arm-in-arm, a look of love upon their faces.
A tired, brown dog sleeps peacefully,
shading a kitten with his floppy ear.
Little children play chase
as ice-cream runs down each happy face.
Dad naps in the front porch swing
as his paper flutters in the breeze.
The screen door creaks when Mom opens it
to call her family to dinner.

Jeff McGee

On Poetry

Poetry is a beautiful being
For you cannot call it a thing.
Poetry soothes the soul,
Livens the body
And brings more beauty into life.

Poetry can move you quickly into a mood
Or take you to a fantastic scene.
It can show the beauty all around
And cause you to appreciate everything,
Every living creature included.

It can make your last breath
Seem so wonderful
That it causes Death
To seem dull.

Poetry can present many different views
Of the same things.
Each has its own beauty:
That is its duty.

Jeff McGee

Happiness

Like a ray of sunshine that warms
my back,
Like a child laughing with a friend,
Tastes like sweet honey and
Smells like a new car,
Looks like a new-born day.

Paula Davis

Pizza

I like hot pizza
I like it a lot
So many different kinds
So many places to stop
Domino's, Sicily's, or Pizza Hut
Which is right for me?
Battery dead!
Bye Bye Truck
When I finally do decide
What am I to do?

I'll order my favorite
—pepperoni—
(with extra cheese)
I really need this pizza
Twenty dollars
I'm willing to spend
Let go of my purse
—Charlotte—
Stop eating my pen
My blood starts to boil
My eyes start to flare
Oh boy, Oh boy
It's pizza time
Employees on duty
BEWARE!!

JoAnne M. Johnson

Hadley by Lisa Breckenridge

Memories

(dedicated to Beth Curtis' grandmother, Mrs. Mattie Dell Curtis, 1904-1983)

79 years ago she was born,
Full of life in her own special way.

Hand in hand with her husband,
Through good times and bad.

Separated by Fate,
Now each must walk alone.

Only
memories
remain.

With a steady hand she pieced warm quilts
for cold winter nights,
Just as she created lasting memories
for everyone she met.

She will long be remembered
for her kindness of heart.
for opening her arms to a stranger—

And for that one special Thanksgiving
when I met this precious soul.

God bless her, may she rest in peace.

John McNeill

The Book of Forgotten Memories

Faces of the past,
blunt and unseemingly distant
all pasted onto the leaves of this book.
Letters are written
never meant to be read but only one
place and time by only one person.
It doesn't mean much anymore
only to be tucked away and forgotten.
The pages are old and the pictures
are but a faraway memory
of an old lover or two.
Old roses are pressed
and the pages are stained
with the solitary momentum
of your past and your pride,
only to be forgotten in the pages
of a book.

Angie Abercrombie

Yesterday's Gone

I am Tomorow
The dreams of today
I am the Future
I'll find a way!
You are yesterday
Gone like our fun
You are the memories
Fading one by one
Today when I saw you
I remembered our past
We shared something wonderful
It just didn't last
I can't stay any longer
I have to move on
To look for the future
Because yesterday's gone.

Karla Deal (9th)

Crazy Pony by Derrick Ladner

Truck
Tall, Black
Pulling, mudding, sporting
Sounds nice. I'd like to have one.

Scott Necaise

Thoughts on My School

I had some spare time
So I attempted a rhyme
And I thought that I would write about my school.
But once the teachers read this,
They'll probably make me eat this,
And if we had one, they'd throw me in the pool.

But, the top man, he's o.k.
He just sits behind his desk all day
Thinking of who and what he's got to pardon.
Before him we're all nice,
We're like timid little mice,
But when he turns his back we call him warden.

And then there's M.L. Richardson.
Boy, now that's another one.
There's a person that you don't wanna sass
I'll bet even in his sleep
In a voice that's real deep
He yells, "Go to your fourth period class!"

And then there's Mr. Brice
Who's really somewhat nice
In the cafeteria he'll wine and dine and sup
But I think he's kinda slow
'Cuz he's the only one I know
That sez, "All right, take your time and hurry up."

I could write about another one
A real looney son-of-a-gun
But to try and write it out would be quite murder
I spent lots of time
But nothing came to mind
How do you find a word that rhymes with Luenburger?

Miss Broussard's class was fun
Perhaps it was the funnest one
But my grades in there would always come in last
When she said, "Ray, do your work."
I would reply with a smirk
"Look, History is a thing of the past."

But when it rains here, it pours
Right through the ceiling and down to the floors
Last time it even destroyed our gym
When it rains I ask for more
'Cuz the roof *really* leaks on building four
And I can often go to room 412 for a swim.

And in 412 there's a teacher named Byrd
She thinks some of my antics absurd
I wondered how she's stood me all this time
One day I asked her why
I told her not to lie
She said, "Your humor is just as warped as mine."

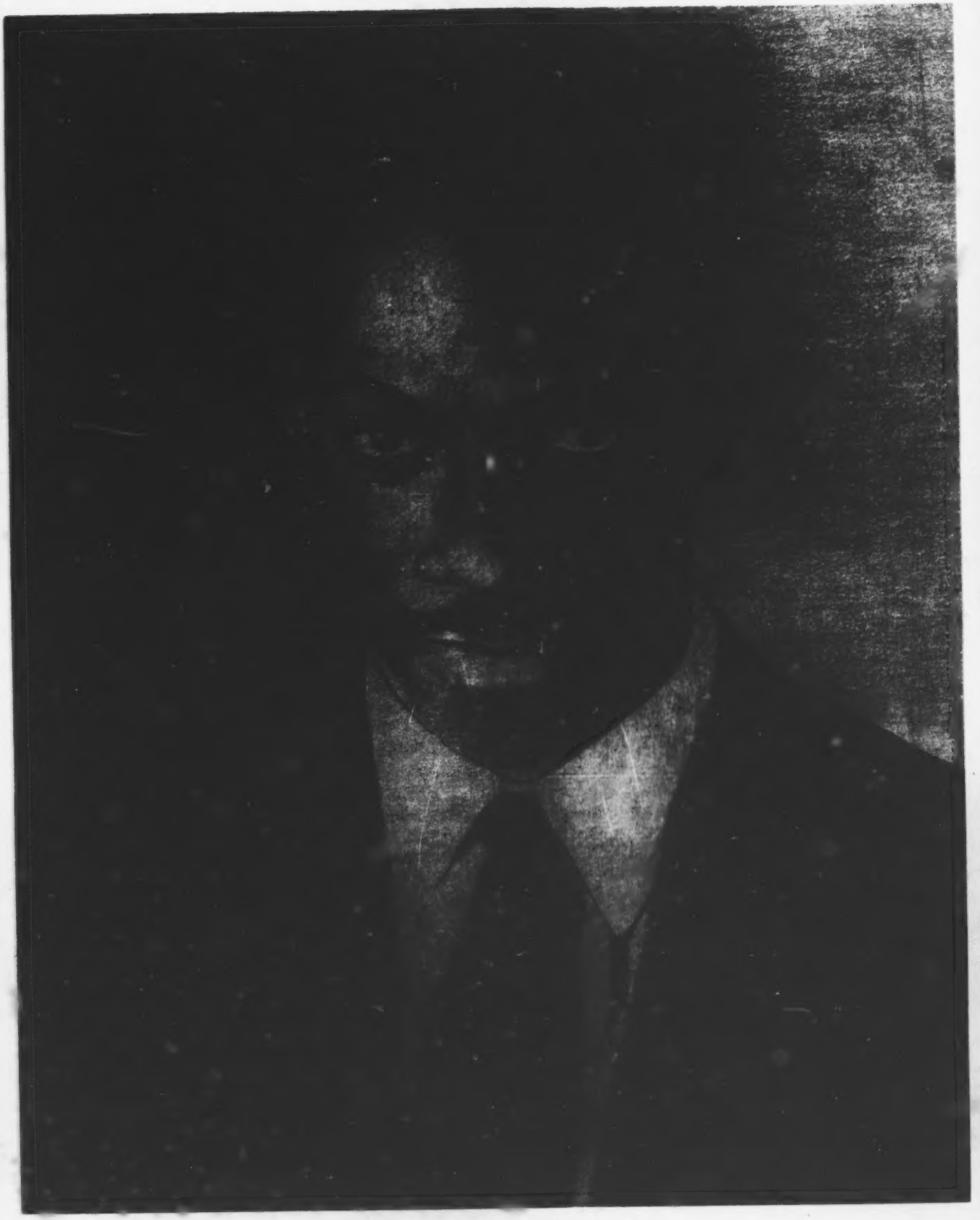
As for our glorious football team
About them I wouldn't say a thing
Others may say they're not so hot
Some say they've the brains of a cat
But I wouldn't say *anything* like that
I guess because I haven't bought a burial plot.

The cafeteria's where we eat
On full moons we get real meat
In my stomach their so-called food has left it's mark
Even the bread there is sticky
Maybe I'm just too picky
But I don't think meatloaf should glow in the dark.

I guess the cafeteria's not *that* bad
It's all we've ever had
Even though the cake must be coral reef
But we pay a mega price
For helpings small to mice
And someone always yells out, "Where's the beef?"

I think I'll end this now
Though I can't give a bow
But I'll leave you with a prayer you can try
Get on your knees to pray
Look up to Heaven and say,
"Thank God that I don't go to Gulfport High!"

Ray Abercrombie



Eddie Murphy by Arthur Levy

The Awakening

Deep within my mind
Pieces of shattered thoughts
    wither away
    and are captured
    as night hastens
    to hail the break of day.
Faint, flickering memories
    of you at rest
Like thread,
    still lingering on,
    become too shallow
    to discover
    with my own eyes.
So, slowly disappear
    painful memories
    of yesteryear.
I've a message of rebirth
    from the skies.

Shirley Jackson

Time to Let Go

Flipping through old memories,
Crying at a sad song,
Questioning why,
Wondering what happened,
Thinking of the pain,
Remembering the fun,
Forgetting the sad,
I now say, "Let it be done."

The days you smiled at me
Made me so happy.
The days you laughed at me
Brought tears to my eyes.
I cared so much
But you gave so little...

Now I realize
I'm not so sad.
A year has passed.
Time has gone.
Even though I still care,
The memory is fading.
It's time to let go.

Danita McGrath

So Far Away

I can't remember happy times
Though how I wish they'd stay;
The days and months turn into years
My memories fade away.

The past appears unreal to me
Or that is how it seems;
Quickly life has passed right by;
I've even lost my dreams.

Those who meant a lot to me
I've forgotten them somehow
Things that used to make me smile
Mean nothing to me now.

When I look back on my life
To search for a happy day;
I can't remember anything
It's all so far away.

Yvonne Switzer

I Remember When I Was Five

Skipping rocks on water
seeing who could punch harder
betting who could throw shells farther
playing with funny frogs.
Laughing at the hogs.
Thinking of monsters named Bogs
being sad when parents arrive
remembering when I was five.

Brent Robinson (9th)

Memories

I have memories that
I would never forget
like the first time I spoke English,
Without knowing nor
understanding,
Without being able to
communicate with people;
It was my first year
of school;
I only knew Spanish,
By then I was four;
I'll always have memories
I'll never forget.

Evelyn Nieves

Tears

They come to wash away sadness
and bring relief to the soul.
They show grief,
They show joy,
They say what can not be told.

Stacy Purser

Memories

Trying so hard to tie my shoestrings.
I felt that it was just impossible.
Maybe there was a secret that only grown-ups knew.
I was desperate to find out.
Funny how such a small subject could
bother me so much.
No one else really thought much of it.
How could I live with untied shoestrings?
Finally, I learned.
I even knew how to tie a bow from behind.

Kelli Rowell (9th)

Childhood Days

As I look back to my childhood days
I remember tea parties and puppet plays.
My Baby Alive that used to wet.
My dog Scruffy was my obedient pet.
Once I put on Dad's combat boots.
I put on his hat but couldn't fit his suit.
Mom had wigs she didn't wear,
So I put them on my teddy bears.
Of course, I made trouble
And it was fun too.
But you are only a child once
And what else is there to do?

Lori Brown

In the Past

Tear drops are rushing
down my face.
Sad and unsure
feeling out of place,
scared of being
hurt again!

Hoping and praying
for a friend.
Life is going by so
fast
Things of the future
are in the past.

Tracey Keyes

I'm Hanging Around by Beverly Runge

Breakdance by Chris Hall

Music Haunts My Soul

The music attracts me until I can't resist.
I must dance,
Oh, how I love to!
I could dance all night.
I try to do every movement just right
but I can't be perfect.
There I go hurting my back,
Another bruise for my knee.
That never stops me.
Finally the dance comes to an end,
I'll go home and recover
until another dance
for music haunts my soul.

Jairus Medley

The Force

Bonding us together
Can't you feel it?
Deep inside
We both have this
Special force
Made of love and truth
Growing in us.
In our roots
This special force
Is understood throughout
The land
What's it called?
How does it exist?
It's in every man
In every heart—
Beat which pumps out blood.
In any language
It's still the same.
And music is its name.

Michael Woodfield

The Gypsy

Thick, black curls
Flashing eyes
A red slash
Against white teeth
Crisp crinolin,
A myriad of color,
Twisting, turning
In savage glee
To the sound
Of Spanish concertinas
Played by dark men
In dirty hats
Deep in the night
As flames lick
About ankles
Gleaming bare.

Kathy Daniels

Writer's Lament

I cannot write, what shall I do?
It seems that I'm not
one of the chosen few
whose pens are always hot!

The mental block is dense.
No thoughts escape.
Nothing I write makes sense
My work is worse than an ape's.

In discouragement I sigh,
sick and tired of it all,
knowing it's no use to cry.
Wait! I hear inspiration call.

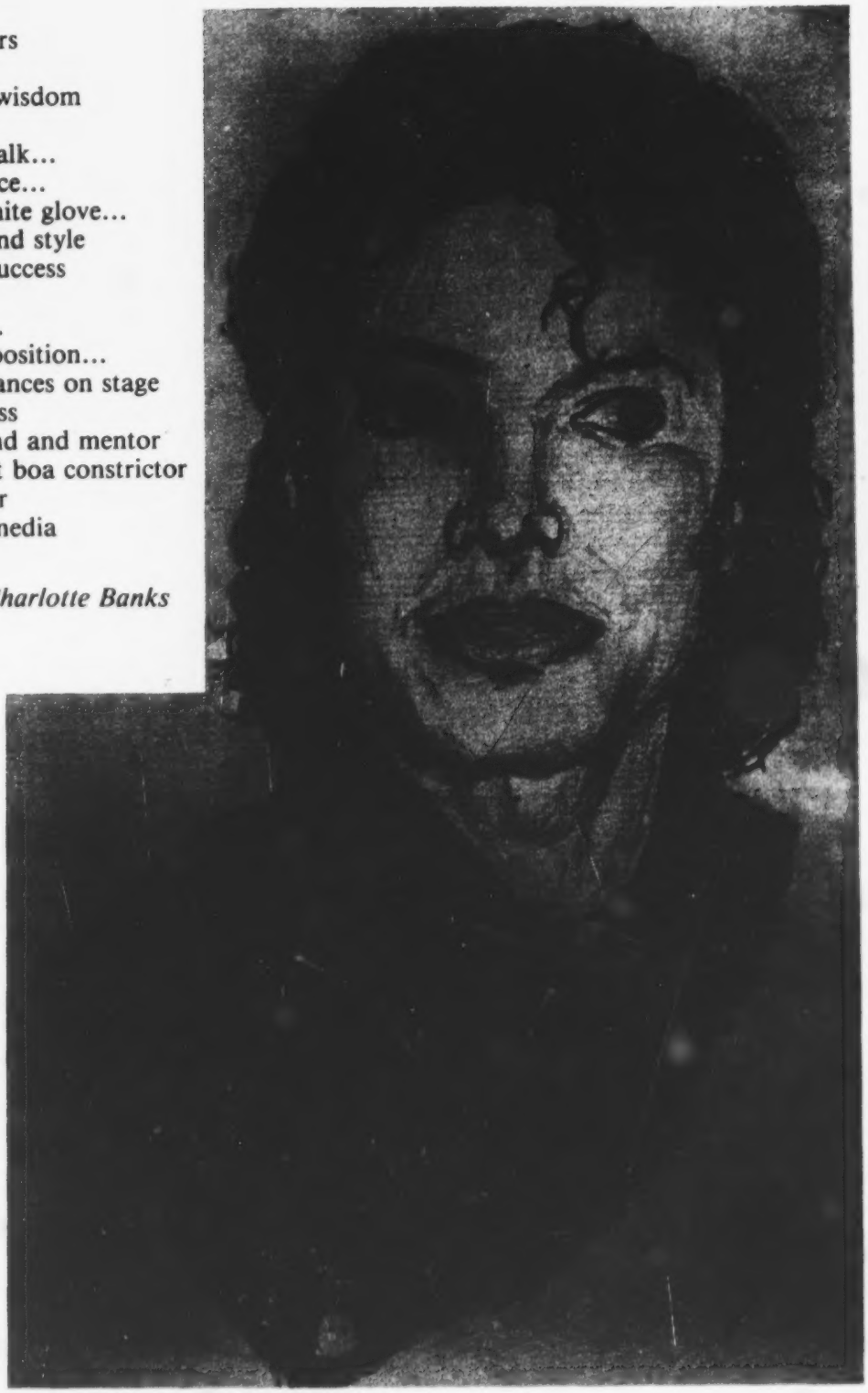
This I have to end...
A poem I must write.
Look out for my pen,
It's really blazing tonight!

Kaycee Kinsey

Thriller

Enhancing presence
Wooing sound
Escaping anxieties and fears
through lyrics.
A legend captured within wisdom
and time
Backpeddling moonwalk...
High magical voice...
Glittering white glove...
a unique trademark and style
An electrifying streak of success
Soft doe eyes...
Sleek spins...
Shy disposition...
Yet gripping performances on stage
Gay? Most profess
Diana Ross? a friend and mentor
and "Muscles"? a pet boa constrictor
A universal gyrating chiller
the spectacular multimedia
Thriller.

Charlotte Banks



Michael Jackson
by Melissa Panger

Ballerina by Lisa and Amy Breckenridge

Dancers by Leona Lazzara

Take A Journey

by Paula Groom

When I listen to music it takes me on a *Journey*. It gives me hope and a *Look Into the Future*. I lose all conscious thought and feeling. I can only hear the music. I become one with both beat and words alike. The *Next* thing I know, I can see forward to *Infinity* and back to the *Evolution* of life, love, and happiness.

I see that, *In the Beginning*, the *Departure* of a musicless world *Captured* the human race's emotions. Music, in any form, makes people want to *Escape* their pysical prisons so that they can take flight. A flight of the soul and being. They want to see and be everything. They want to cross all *Frontiers*, past and present, for the mere joy of crossing them.

When I listen to music, not only are my emotions captured, but my soul as well.

(dedicated to Steve P., Neal, Ross, Jon, Neal, and Steve S. with love and admiration)

Water Refuge

Old gray rocks erupt from a stream
so clear and cool.
After catching clever crawdads under slimy rocks,
skipping stones across the water,
making traps for minnows,
I bask in the warmth of the sun.
No responsibilities, no worries,
This is a time for rest and relaxation.
Wearing old cutoffs and a muscle shirt,
I feel mud squish between my toes.
It's getting late—do I have to go?

Jairus Medley

Summer Scene

Raging blue water
Snow-white sand
Assorted shells
An outstretched pier
A radiant sunrise
Peaceful now—
Until people arrive.

Jairus Medley

The Ballerina

Spinning, turning
Toe one, then two
Muscles working
White limbs rub tulle
Twining, touching
Courting grace
Slender neck
Oval face
Arms arching
Reaching high
Weaving words
With silent lines
Music mounting
Plunging relief
On final note
Down the curtain sweeps.

Kathy Daniels

My Dad's Geese by Beverly Runge

Armor by Wendy Greenberg

Earthly Star

Beneath cool and murky surfaces
lie
dull, rigid stones
in earthly habitats.
Carefully,
a gentle polish
or
caress unfolds
brilliance and fire concealed
within,
bursting with radiance
as desirous facets beckon
luminous rays of heaven.

An everlasting bondage
captured
by affection and understanding
is held close
within two hearts beholding it.

Charlotte Banks

Epoch

Sparkling are the stars
that far beyond
Winter's snowflakes
shine.
Crisp is the air's breath
blowing leaves from
every vine.
Waking are restless waters
splashing against solid rocks,
Slowly all motion ceases
with the coming
of Winter's frost.
A sudden slit within the ice
and all motion begins
once more.

Shirley Jackson

81

rain
wet, moist
falling, quenching, refreshing
It smiles at the flowers. They smile back at it.

Kay Gates

Change of Seasons

Dawn slowly turns to dusk
in the midst of an autumn day
as the wind blasts its fierce breath,
scattering leaves astray.
Some falling, turning dull brown
or fading green to gray,
While others listen and wait
for the next breeze to flow their way.
Down by the drifting waters
no sound is heard,
All the animals have scurried away,
gone to prepare a place for themselves.
Autumn will pass this day.

Shirley Jackson

Wind

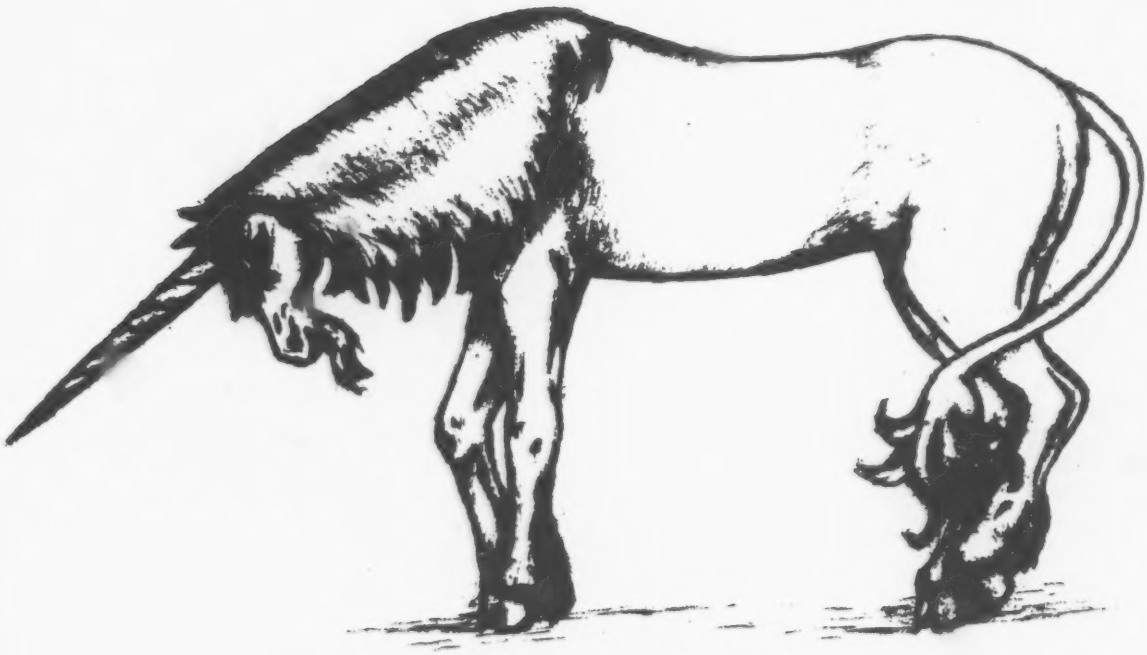
Invisible, yet you know it's there
Softly whistling
While rustling leaves dance
On softspoken air.

Alicia Leonard (9th)

wind song

winter's breath—crisp and cool
    glazes wintry waters.
asphalt grows steadily beneath
    a bed of snow
as it follows the dissolving sun.
untouched snow—pure and satiny—
chills a brisk breeze,
allowing nature and all its possessions
to freeze,
securing tracks and prints
in the ground,
capturing the process of winter.

charlotte banks



Unicorn by Lisa Breckenridge

Unicorn

There he was, small but brave
With his armor shining,
Rejected from the round table
Because of error pining.

His father, but a poor old man,
His uncle was a king.
Over the moors he rode,
A ballad he did sing.

"Through the skies I ride
Lost and forlorn
Trying to prove my strength
And find my unicorn.

"I am just an apprentice
Learning how to fight.
I guess I'm still a lad
And the others, brave knights."

He was bestilled
Like that of widow's mourn,
Then out of the mist arose
The light of a unicorn.

Its eyes and hoofs were a polished gray
Its mane a snowy white.
The radiance of its presence
Glowed in the night.

His mind grew blank,
His heart stood still.
He had to catch his friend.
He leaped on its back and rode o'er the hills.

'Twas dawn the next morning,
The tournaments began.
He was to joust
"Sir Gallahan."

The courtyard was covered
With horses and men,
When King Arthur announced,
"Let the contest begin."

His lance was forged
From the steel of a bell.
It shined like the silver
Of "The Holy Grail."

They charged at each other
Like chaffs in the wind.
Then their lances met
And that was the end.

For now his name is in the round
He lives in Camelot.
Finally he has become a knight,
The knight, "Sir Lancelot."

Robert Waldrop (9th)

A FARAWAY LAND

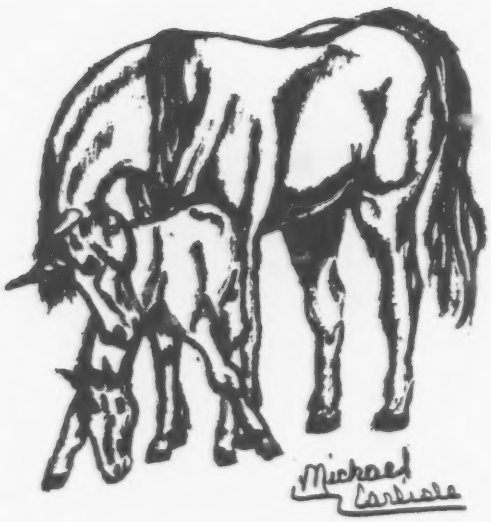
In a meadow in a faraway land,
A place no human being has ever been
A single unicorn stands proudly,
Watching over a paradise untouched by man.

In this land of quiet beauty
Where the troubles of man are not to be found,
The band of unicorns graze lazily,
Their ears never to hear an industrial sound.

The unicorn watches with proud eyes
At the struggles of a foal, his mom nudging him on.
In their world they never fear, they are forever secure
Their world will be safe long after ours is gone.

Finally the unicorn goes to join his herd.
As he goes, the group in the meadow cease their play
And watch as he comes to join them for the night.
Their world is secure, as the night takes the day.

Michelle Alt (9th)



Unicorn by Michael Carlisle

Unicorn

Strong
Graceful legend
Trotting, gliding
Through the corners of
Your mind

Robert Waldrop

Darwin? Who's He? by Melissa Panger

After the Snow Has Melted

Touched by reality
With just a sliver of dream
I sensed the warmth of just one
Of the sun's many beams
Then I knelt on my knees
To sense a little more
Of the fascinating feeling
I'd just felt before
But the grass wasn't warm
It was cool to the touch
This sudden change of temperature
Was, for me too much
So I gracefully rose
To my feet once again
And I looked to the horizon
But couldn't find the end
"Where was it?" I asked
And wondered a while
Then something caught my attention
On my face grew a smile
There on the branches
Of the once bare trees
Were many new-born buds
Fluttering in the breeze
I gazed for a moment
Then moved right along
Merrily striding
In my head grew a song
It was a slow, easy tune
It echoed through my brain
But it was suddenly interrupted
By the "pitter-patter" of rain
The mist fell softly
And dampened my hair
But anyone could have noticed
I hadn't a care
The sun was still shining
Through clouds even though
The rain was still falling
Then I noticed a rainbow
I stared at it in awe
As it formed 'cross the sky
And as I was studying its colors
A tear filled my eye
Then the rain stopped falling
The rainbow faded away
It was after the snow had melted
What a beautiful day!

Michelle Panger

Zoo

Just look at the animals,
They are looking at me.
They are in their cages,
Waiting to be set free.

They look so lonely,
So all alone.
I want them out.
I want to take them home.

I come to visit them,
Almost all the time.
I wish I could buy them
And make them mine.

Tina Harris

Mr. Frog

I love the pond,
I go there to think.
The frog must too.
Because he sits and blinks.

He really is wise,
He really is smart,
He knows I wouldn't hurt him,
I wouldn't have the heart.

He comes really close,
We see eye-to-eye.
He stays for a-while,
Then says bye.

That's all I saw of
Mr. Frog
When he jumped down
Off his log.

Tina Harris

Old Sea Dog by Byron Jones

Fog Upon the Water

I wrote my name
Upon the sand
And silently watched
The ocean waves
Erase it.
Low tide at sunrise.
I wondered as the waters
Washed it out to sea
"Where will my name go?"
I thought of distant island shores,
Of sun-drenched foreign lands.
I dreamed of starry summer nights
And wonderous flowers all in bloom.
But then I realized
That my name
Could never leave
The harbor.
Everything for miles was beached—
There was fog upon the water...

Daniel Smith

A Summer Shower

Plop!
Plop!
Plop!
The rain begins to fall,
gentle and slowly at first.

But as it falls it becomes
more intense; and it is followed
by harsh winds which force
the trees to sway.

Then, as suddenly as it came,
the rains and winds cease.
The sky begins to clear
to a bright blue.

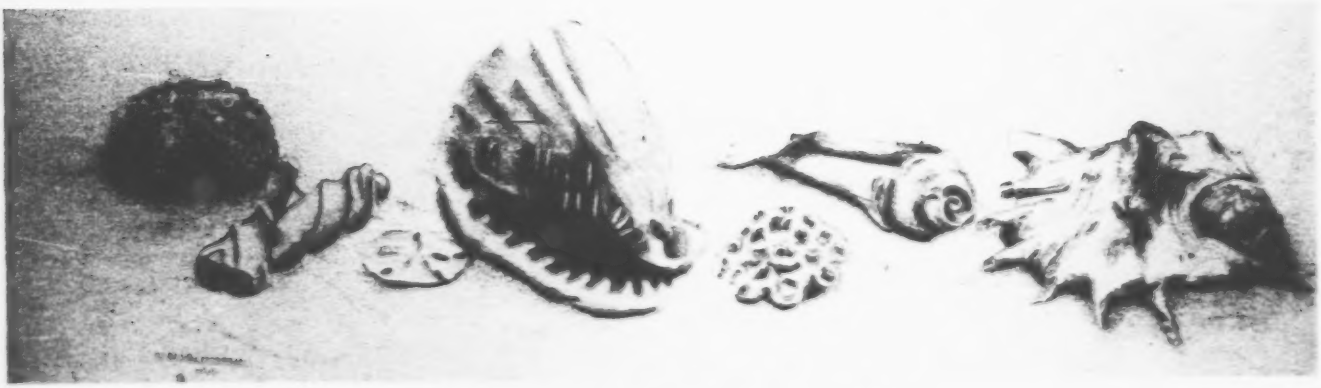
Now everything begins to
shine and shimmer.
For it has been washed anew.

Stacy Purser

Waves

Waves are like children
running and playing tag,
Chasing each other
until
they become
tired
and must
stop
to rest on
the sand.

Lana Hancock



Ocean Treasure by Lisa Breckenridge

Rainbows

God took the laughter of children
Peace and love and combined them
with the serenity of hope.
And created the wondrous beauty
of the Rainbow.

Stacy Purser

A Little Ocean

The ground is full.
It has absorbed all the water it can.
Now the water just lies on top,
creating a little ocean—
A little ocean in a little world.
Often destroyed by running feet.

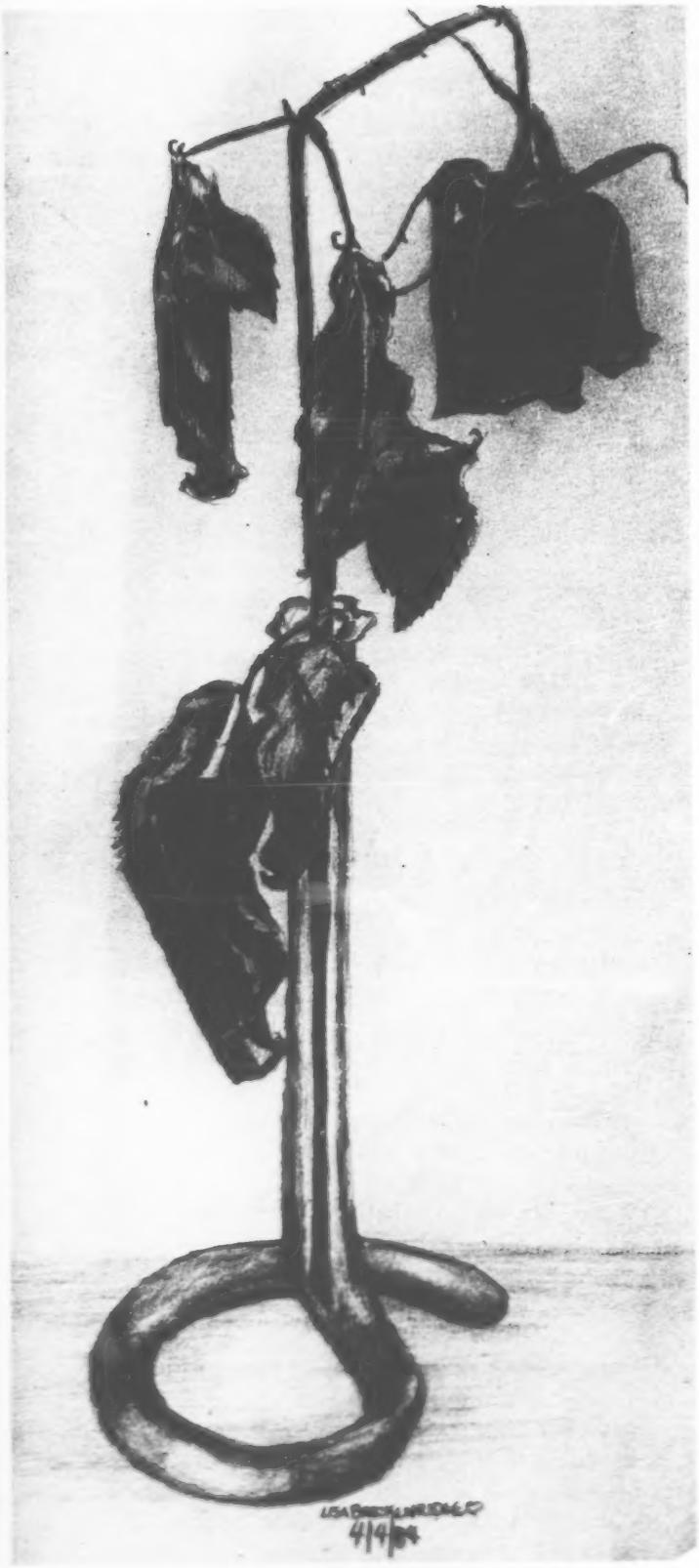
Daniel Smith

Night Song

The moon plays on the black velvet
curtain
we call night.
While the stars dance around it
to a song
older than time itself.
The song we have never heard
but it is etched upon our memory
forever.
It is yours to name
for you to dance to
its melody.

Lana Hancock

Smurfy Surfer by Michael Carlisle



My First Rose
by Lisa Breckenridge

Reflections

Reflections in my mirror
Skeletons in my closet
Ice upon my window
A ghost outside my door.
Shadows dance their dance of death
Up and down my walls
And nobody did say nothing
But the voice out in the hall.
The wind blows,
The bells tolls
And no one knows
No one knows
Where even angels fear to to tread.
Everything here is already dead
Yet unable
Unable to die
No matter how hard we try.
And no hero knocks on my front door.
There's just a ghost I knew before.
"Go away, ghost!" in silence I scream
...Maybe it's only a dream.
And, oh, I must be quiet
For demons lurk upstairs.
Once, I thought only underground
Was the place of demon's lairs.
The wind blows
The bell tolls
And I never heard from you.
What else is there I can do?
Reflections in my mirror
Skeleton in my closet
Ice upon my window
A ghost outside my door
Just a ghost outside my door
...Maybe it's only a dream...

Marty Kemmer

Nightmare

Tread ye not, upon my path
I'm so very tired
Hours of untrue future past
There is no light without a fire

It's nothing but endless false consolation
In the midst of complete degradation
Everyone's searching for their own Revelation
But they're scared to death of true confrontation

Why are we here
And why are we living?
Why are they taking
Without ever giving?

The sun rises up
Only to go down
We're searching for something
That can't be found

Leave me to my loneliness
Leave me alone.

In truth, you can never win
If you want to, you can start again
But you never really change
You never really change.
What you come to expect;
Something always comes next
It can get so strange.

Yesterday's gone
And used-to-be's don't matter
Sometimes, you know
Nothing really matters

Angels fly highest of all
And demons sprawl upon the ground
Daylight-twilight-night
Can you hear the silent sounds?

There are no heroes
There are no dreams
There are no saints
Nothing's as it seems.

Leave me to my loneliness
Leave me alone.

Marty Kemmer

Dagger
Sharp, Short
Thrusting, Slashing, Cutting
It is pointed. It will kill.

Richard Winn

Mistakes

The night sky is darker than usual tonight.
Clouds all but block out the moon.
In my bed I lie staring out my window.
No lights are on; I am surrounded by cool,
dark, blackness.
I feel comfortable now, no one around, no one
to disturb me.
I reach over and turn on the radio
And an endless wave of incomprehensible
music blares at me.
I slam the radio into the wall; it falls—
strangely—
noiselessly.
Outside, the wind blows, erasing the world of
man's mistakes
While setting the world back for another
trying day.
Some time soon, when the wind blows at night,
He will just erase mankind with everything
else,
And then it will be started over again.
From out of the silence the wind whispers,
It's Time.

Daniel Smith

Oceania by Cesar Gonzalo

Something Evil This Way Comes

From the evil of the night
Something horrid takes itsflight.
It knows no fear and feelsno pain
And with your blood it leaves its stain.

It's risen up from the pit of hell,
Seeking vengeance and a place to dwell.
It feeds off fear and fromyour grief,
It'll steal your sanity much like a master thief.

It knows no limits, so taks from all.
Try to deny him and you will fall.
It feels no mercy, so don't try to weep.
It'll kill you slowly and with your blood seep.

There is no escape from this beast reigning high.
Just kick back and watch-all your friends die.
So try to escape, if you think you can,
But you'll die in your nightmares—again and again.

John Pease

The Ballad of Time

Warriors fight and wizards hurl mighty spells.
Thieves lie and skies always tell.
Kings ploy and kingdoms fall.
The royal horse snorts in his majestic stall.
Babies cry and priests sing.
The hours wanes and the bells ring.
Mothers weep and fathers beg.
Nowhere can an old man find a softly made bed.
Of all these things and twice more
Can a child think and never be bored.
I laugh, drink, and sing
And Satan tells me I can do anything.
Cities fall and kingdoms rise,
Sages teach us things that are wise,
Harlots walk and sailors sing,
On a dainty finger, a handsome groom places the ring.
Lovers embrace and softly weep,
A drummer taps out a different beat.
The rain softly falls and brightly glistens.
A young boy with his grandfather really listens.
I think of these things and of you and will always be glad
For now I know how life really is and never will I be sad.

Kevin Evans

Gold Is the Color And Scarlet the Battle's Creed

The silver herald beckons and calls.
The wicked warriors come and fall.
Monstrous horses rear and fight,
Their hooves bright and steely.
Their vanquished foe's blood runs freely.
Every man falls to the Mother's grey steely kiss
To be forever marooned in oblivion's quiet bliss.
The warrior's song is one of death.
Another warrior is impaled on the fangs of Seth.
Rows of dragon scales tighten and coil
For our plans he shall try to foil.
Ebon banners and castle walls
Aren't enough for they will surely fall.
New kings, old kings—they are all the same
They both fight for glory and fame.
For gold coin they become so bold
And in their last days, it is bought and sold.
Gold is the color of every man's greed
And for their insatiable lust,
The lord shall doom them in his final decree.

Kevin Evans

Royal Memories

As a boy I had dreams to grow tall and strong.
My courage and valor to prove through the land.
I knew all along I'd make the best king
Who ever ruled this bountiful land.

I had my choice of beautiful maidens
To soon sit beside me in royal array,
I courted with pleasure,
Yet tried to choose wisely my queen.

When the day came my royal sire died,
The grief of the mourners was felt all around.
My sorrow was great, yet mixed with joy.
Tomorrow I'd rule. "Lord, help me," I prayed.

This great land now mine, must be held as a treasure
No more to carouse, nor merely seek pleasure.
'Tis my duty to reign, to be just and lead truly.
No more can my days be filled at my leisure.

I must now lead this great land of mine into battle.
My mighty army will fight full force.
When the enemy falls, we will ride in triumph,
The horns and bugles announcing our course.

Now my tears flow like rivers, my armies are gone.
The strength of my enemies was guessed at by none.
Instead of in glory, I return in shame,
Bloody and torn, our spirits destroyed.

My good queen beside me; my son at my knee,
I cannot just let all the promises die.
My people behind me; we'll strive yet again
To regain our prosperity, make rich this good land.

My years now advance; my son tall and true
My lands again spread afar, his soon to rule.
His dream to inherit as was mine before
To see his lands prosper, his people content.

Rick Peatman (9th)

Stranger in the Night

Two yellow eyes gleam in the fog.
Unblinking
Unmoving
Coming toward me
    yet not.
Growing
Threatening
Ready for the kill,
    yet not.
They seem to be calling
    while coming closer,
But...
They are silent,
    and still.
As still as death,
    yet more alive.
Radiating yellow fire
    like hatred
Yet...
Seemingly peaceful.
Watchful
Waiting
Abruptly turn away
    to haunt someone else.
Those eyes still burn in my memory
    like the loss of a loved one.
Just two eyes
Transfixing
Staring
Then moving on.

Jeff McGee

Come With Me

Come with me and witness
sights you've never seen.
    Why have you not seen them?
Because, they're in my dream.

"What is in a dream?" you ask,
"What can there possibly be?"
    Well, come into a dream of
mine.
    If you want to see.

My dreams are always full of light,
and overflow with love.
There's often rippling water, lively
flowers, and cooing doves.

    The flowers in this dream
are shades of yellows, pinks, and
reds, and in the gentle breeze
that's blowing, daffodils bow their
lovely heads.

Throughout this dream, birds
are singing.
    I like this sound, for it
leaves the heart ringing.

Have you enjoyed our trip
into this dream of mine?
You are always welcome!
Come back anytime!

Sissy Wright

The New Year

by Robert Waldrop (9th)

As I sit here and contemplate all the memories of the year gone by I wonder what the new year will bring.

It seems as though the coming of a new year is like the breaking of a dawn, or the birth of a star shining down on things.

It's like a new dimension on the sands of time, a chance for people to set goals and make promises.

For a short while it's a time of peace and hope, but just as everything else, the promises and resolutions fade away in time.

Some of the goals may be set too high. They may seem so far away, but they're really right out there beyond the horizon. They may be met if they're pursued and if you really try.

It's not just the changing of the calendars, it's also the changing of people as they grow older.

For some it's just another party or bottle of wine, but for others it brings new hope and good cheer.

It's only appropriate to say "It's a new year."

The New Year

January 1, 1984—
Could it be the big year to score?
They say us kids are getting wild.
Maybe they just are a little too riled!

This is still the year for rock-n-roll
Michael Jackson is still as pure as gold.
But in my eyes Billy Joel
Is still king of Rock-n-Roll!!!

Computers are taking over
So say, "Hello, Atari!"
Because this new age
Has far to go on this Safari!

I'd say the New Year
Has started out right
Though the air is cold,
The stars are bright.

So, so long "83"!
Though you were pretty good to me.
Because this is the year for even more.

Susan Dubiusson

Time

1984 is here
Another page in time is gone
I'd like to know where the pages go
And why they leave us old.

Does the time journey far
Or does it travel near
I'd like to know where it goes
So I could bring it back here.

Gina Galvani

Toy Motorcycle by Stephanie D. Lee

85

Happy Anniversary

by Beth Curtis

The silent house was a welcome friend after the long ride on the crowded, noisy subway. Thank goodness, my nine to five workday has finally come to an end.

As I settle down to a simple dinner—a ham and cheese sandwich and a cup of piping hot coffee—I think how hectic the day has been. Papers were piled to the ceiling on my desk and bills cluttered my incoming basket. The phone had been ringing constantly since eight o'clock this morning. But, no matter how much work there seemed to be, my mind was in a world all its own. The interviews I held today were useless. I can hardly remember where I placed the applications, and I certainly don't remember any names or faces of the people I talked to. These past eight hours my mind has been completely preoccupied, the reason being that today is my wedding anniversary.

I have been married now eight years but, unfortunately, separated the last three. This fact in itself has taken control of all my thoughts, emotions, and actions. Today has been long and dreadful simply because I have tried to live a memory. Life has been hard these past years, and the misery of these bitter times has taken its toll on my once happy, beautiful life. When I examine myself in the long golden mirror in the hallway, I can see the wrinkles of worry and pain surrounding my eyes. Their crystal blue color has been drained, and my eyes now appear a dull grey. My once-loved dimples have faded into the look of sorrow I now wear on my face. Also, no more does my body walk with the carefree stride of happier days. Yet, above all these changes, my spirit and my soul have survived.

I can well remember the day we separated. It was an extremely normal day, too normal, perhaps. Carl and I woke up early that morning, around six-thirty, and together we concocted a very fulfilling breakfast. After we had eaten, he left for work and I set about the impossible task of cleaning our home. At noon, as always, I watched the midday soap operas. (It is rather ironic now when I remember how I laughed at the family problems those characters went through—believing something like that could never happen to me.)

When Carl returned, later than usual, he wore a very distressed look upon his face. Something has happened, I thought. He went quietly into the bedroom and locked the door. Little did I know what was about to happen. After a brief wait, with suspense eating at my soul, the door opened. Slowly he advanced, not with his steady, practically conceited prance, but instead he came with a scared, nervous and very tense shuffle of his feet. When he reached the table, Carl slipped off his wedding ring and hesitantly placed it on the wooden surface. (The memory of this act haunts me still.) My face went white with fear. I did not understand what this meant, and I didn't care to. He came to me, firmly placing his arms about my waist, and he looked intently into my eyes. Finally, giving me a long, passionate kiss, such as he had never given me before, he quickly turned his back to leave me without saying a single word. I grabbed him and slowly he turned. Tears began to flow down his precious face as he spoke these words,

I'm sorry, Dana. I've tried to make you happy, but I can't succeed. Please forgive me for all the pain I've caused. You deserve someone much more special than me, someone who can treat you like a real lady. You deserve a god." Then he tenderly whispered, "Dana, I love you," and with that he walked out of my life.

I tried to laugh, thinking it was all just a joke. He knew perfectly well he made me happier than life itself. Surely, he would return. I went on for several months believing this, yet, he never showed. Finally I had to accept the truth and begin again. I found a job to keep my mind from my troubles. As the time passed, I began to contemplate life, love, war, peace...all the things never thought of seriously when one is not alone. I wrote several long-forgotten letters and visited friends I never thought to see again. Keeping busy in these ways, my pain has been covered and dealt with.

Of course I still love him more than words can describe. My heart longs for his gentle

voice and sturdy touch, especially today, our anniversary. I could easily cry but I must overcome these feelings because I am a survivor and survivors don't cry.

My goodness, this reminiscing has caused the time to fly by. It is now 11:30 and another anniversary has almost come and gone. I wonder what Carl is doing. What is he thinking? Is it just another ordinary day for him? Has he felt any of the feelings of loneliness and pain that I have felt today? Lord, my prayer to you is that before this special night has passed he will think of me just once. Let his heart yearn for me as much as mine does for him. But I must stop this dwelling on my sorrow and I must bury his memory and continue to live my own life as I have done these three years.

For heaven's sake, it's almost midnight. I really must go to bed because that nine to five shift will come early tomorrow morning. As I turn off the lights I think once more of my love for him. But I remind myself I am a survivor and survivors don't cry.

As I begin to climb the stairs to my lonely bedroom, there is a light rap on the front door. Who would call on me at this hour of the night? Glancing through the curtain, I can see no one. Slowly I open the door and at that very moment recognition sends a tear trickling down my cheek as my unexpected visitor steps inside. With a hopeful expression on his face he whispers,

"Happy Anniversary...?"

Beyond the Clouds

by John McNeill

As the mighty Air Force jet rose beyond fifty-thousand feet, the nervous pilot, Joe Singleton, waited anxiously for his commands. Suddenly, the cockpit speakers sprang to life. The order which he prayed he would never hear was finally given.

At that moment, with a twinge of indecision, Joe softly pressed the large red button on his right. The bomb bay opened. The world as he knew it would no longer exist. He had just taken the first step which would set off a series of catastrophic events, something never before witnessed by man. As Joe watched the bomb fall to its point of destruction, he thought: Is the world in that much trouble? Why couldn't our selfish demands be worked out rationally? What he assumed to be his last thoughts were of his wife and small son as he witnessed the ground below bursting into an intense ball of fire.

Life, as it was known to all mankind, ceased to exist. This particular bomb was intended to kill all life forms in the Eastern hemisphere. Joe knew there was a strong possibility by now that a similar bomb was on a collision course with the United States. Though many thought that death and destruction would occur on a very large scale, something had gone wrong. Although everything was not completely destroyed, some destruction was inevitable. The world was cast into a time never before imagined. Was it the Future? No one really knew.

For two thousand years Earth lay dormant, stripped of all its beauty. It was as if evolution had repeated itself. Suddenly, prehistoric creatures awakened from their deep sleep. All the humans who had been silenced by a great explosion many years before also awakened, untouched by time. The Earth was very uncivilized. All cultures were forgotten. Everyone, including children, fought to survive. Some gathered together to form tribes—very barbaric tribes. These people would roam, searching for food and shelter, destroying anything that stood in their path.

On a barren desert, a large domed city was built by a small, elite group of individuals. They were a very violent group. Many thought they worshipped the stars for they raised a large, red flag with a symbol of their "god."

Suddenly, the door to the President's bedroom burst open,

"Mr. President! Mr. President! Wake up!" urged his Secretary of Defense. "Come quickly! We have just received level one Code Red. This is it!!!"

Pig Farm Blues by Mike Oberlies
(Photography, Gold Key Award)

Citizenship

by Mark Graves

The American Heritage Dictionary defines "citizen" as one owing loyalty to, and entitled by birth or naturalization to the protection of a state, city, or town, especially if the citizen votes and enjoys other privileges and responsibilities. Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary defines "citizenship" as the state of being a citizen, the quality of an individual's response to being a member of society.

Obviously, based upon these definitions, a citizen has responsibilities to both himself and society. These include integrity, responsibility, respect for authority, patriotism, being informed about community affairs, and many others. Unfortunately, many people seem unable, or unwilling to meet these responsibilities.

1. Integrity—If you do not understand this now, an article this short cannot instruct you as to the proper meaning.

2. Responsibility—There are many responsibilities inherent in citizenship. Among these are the responsibilities to one's nation, community, self, friends, and relatives. A citizen must continually strive to be worthy of their trust.

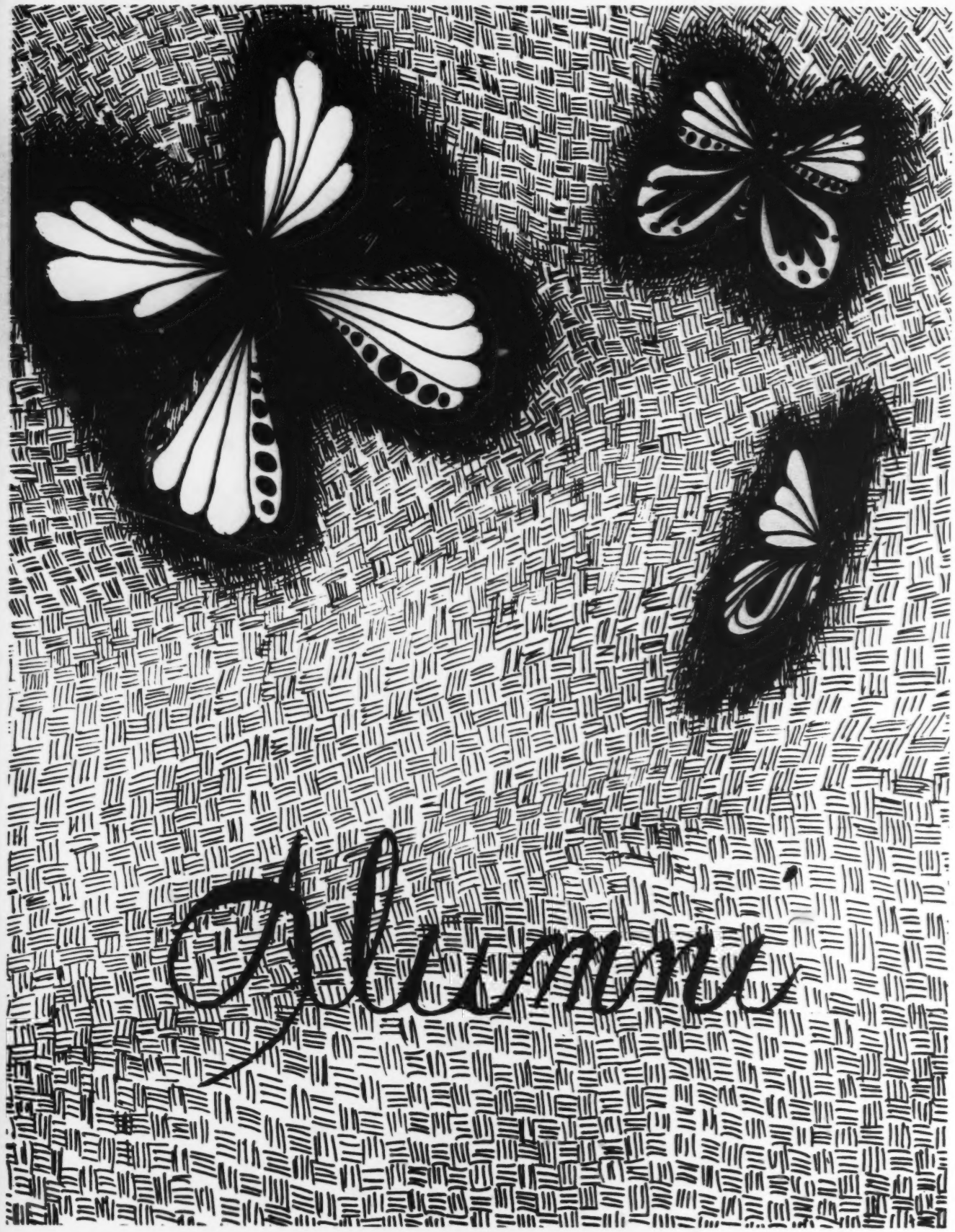
3. Respect for authority—Without authority society collapses. The example in Lebanon, when the only authority that is respected is the local leader with the most guns, should show graphically the need for respect for lawful authority. Unfortunately, this is the most often shirked responsibility on this list.

4. Patriotism—Again, if you do not understand this yet, a much longer article is necessary, and the country needs its forests.

5. Being informed about community affairs—Many people, myself included, are sadly lacking in information about the local community.

6. Other responsibilities—This list could be extended to many pages, but as previously mentioned, the nation needs its forests.

In conclusion, citizenship is essentially a willingness to live by society's conventions and a willingness to continually strive for improvement.


Autumn

Peace

The dark night...
There are no sounds.
There are no people around.
There is simply darkness all around.
As always, there is an exception.
The exception is a street light piercing the darkness.
It motionlessly shines its life into the dark street below.
It produces a gentle haze in the atmosphere to match the peacefulness of the environment.
Standing alone, a man is thinking from his inner soul.
He is thinking about the silence.
He sees the beauty of the darkness and stands in awe.
It is so pretty.
The man gently lays his body to the street.
The dim light from the street light begins to brighten.
The life-sustaining functions of the man's body cease to exist.
This man has found his peace.

Brian Thomas
Class of 1980

The Pond

(dedicated to Mr. Thomas Barnes)

A stranger strolls about the lush green
at the bank of a distant pond
where the tranquil branches whisper in the wind,
urging his mind to wonder on.

He spies two geese fondling on the water's edge,
resting before their journey's end,
from immeasurable lands henceforth they came,
destination, the river's bend.

The butterflies flutter high above the pines,
performing a spendid ballet
which brings a gentle touch to the sun's bright brow,
enlightening the stranger's day.

Yellow daffodils stretch toward the sky,
created by God's very hand,
releasing a scent pleasant to the stranger,
trapping his soul within the land.

Reflections in the pond's waters, so serene,
of beautiful life, death unknown
for no man shall disrupt the menagerie
by the ripples of any stone.

Virgil L. Ballew, Jr.
Class of 1981

Untitled by Justus Medley

93

107

108

Life of a Summer Breeze

Ah, to be a summer breeze
Refreshing, cool, and free,
To dance along the lakes and ponds
And race across the hills.

I'd finger the branches of willow trees
And rustle the needles of pines.
I'd calm the blistering summer heat
And sing the world a love sweet song.

My song would tell of truths of God;
I'd praise His name in every line.
My song would make the sinner free,
And the saved would sing along.

At night, I'd sing a lullaby
To bring a sleep of dreams.
I'd softly carry darkness in
And slowly blow the sunlight down behind the hills.

Kelly E. McGavock
Class of 1982

A Brand New Day

I've got to rejoice—the world is opened up to me,
Take a look around and see what I was meant to be.

I can't forget all that I have endured
To insure that my future is well and secure.

No need to be sad because of what is being left behind
For there are better things out in the world for me to find.

I'll have to start from scratch and work my way up again
And with the brand new day, my time will come to begin.

And come what may I must live my life as I see fit
Myself remains and as long as I live I'll know this:

You can't have anything that you want out of life
Unless you "go for it" and endure a little pain and strife.

I've done my share but there's a lot more to be done,
The battle's over, but the war must still be won.

Sing happily 'cause everything has gone my way,
I took a chance and now I've got the chance to say,
"I can feel a brand new day."

Joseph E. Kendrick
Class of 1983

The Sea

Waking up to the sound and smell
of frying bacon and the fresh salt air,
I put on my old work clothes
for this is the beginning
of another day
of endless maintenance
on an offshore rig.

I chip, paint, grease, oil, scrub, and clean
working long hours to keep her clean.
She's my baby when in top shape,
but if she breaks down,
she is everything but my baby.
After we get back into port
I thank her for another safe voyage
for in an unforgiving sea,
without my ship,
I would be lost.

Aaron J. Simms
Class of 1982

Camille

time, you are the enemy now,
this wind has such an urgent sting,
whipping clouds into thin ribbons,
tasting of the sea.
no thunder reaches those who sit
in steel cocoons with tight-drawn faces
headed north with bitter traces
strapped to luggage racks.

Steve Walkinshaw
Class of 1977

Nothing More Than You

Never has anyone encompassed my life
as totally as you.
When the sun shines brightly,
I think of you.
When the skies are dark and blue,
I think of you.
Never does a second pass in which
my thoughts of you
have not borrowed a small fraction
of its time.
I associate every emotion that I feel
with you.
You make my dark moments brighter
and my happy moments more intense.
You make my day,
my night, and my world.
By day, you give me the strength to continue
through all trials and tribulations.
By night, you comfort me and accompany me
in my dreams.
In my world, I want nothing
more than you.

Brian Thomas
Class of 1980

Mind's Advice

Listen not to the unexperienced voices of strangers.
They do not know what you have been through.
Seek the true answer that is hidden deep within your heart,
then you will surely know what to do.

Be optimistic about the future (the years to come)
and be happy with today at hand.
Do not let memories of the past hypnotize your mind,
for you will end up at their command.

Nurture everything that you have in this one life of yours
for they may drift from your very touch,
never to return, leaving you for all eternity.
The dreadful pain will hurt very much.

Do not run away from the many problems that you have!
Stand tall, for your mind is very strong.
Have faith in God and try to understand other's feelings.
Solutions will come before too long.

Virgil Lee Ballew, Jr.
Class of 1981

The Hanging Tree

still on the edge of town
one finds this oak, pitted roots
clutching at parched earth,
bleeding sap from well-worn notches
on a crippled limb.
here they used to drag them,
binding their hate to the lowest branch
and planting death nearby.
now
this ebony cross can rest.

Steve Walkinshaw
Class of 1977

Walking the Tracks

with careful step, I pick my way
among sharp granite stones.
here and there a rusted spike
lies torn from rotting bones.
the trestle creaks and sighs a song
with creosoted breath,
while catfish wallow in the shallows
of the pool beneath.
my shadow stalks before me
as I flip a flattened dime,
and stand before the crossing
of other tracks, and times.

Steve Walkinshaw
Class of 1977

Life

A beautiful rose,
red petals and green stem,
portrays life's true meaning.
To enjoy the richness and softness of the petals,
one must travel along a stem as though
it were a ladder.
Remember,
the rose
(although so lovely)
bears sharpened thorns.
You cannot avoid them all,
being cut.

Brian Thomas
Class of 1980

Before Time

Long ago
And far away
In a forest dark with green,
The young wind whispered.
Before time.

On a mountain
Soft with heather,
Gently rolling, softly round,
The fresh stream frolicked.
Before time.

Way up
In bluer skies
With cloudy puffs and wispy white,
The rainbow first became.
Before time.

Kelly E. McGavock
Class of 1982

Mother Rain

Falling gently, kissing the earth softly,
Liquid pearls nourishing new life
    that thirsts for its presence.
Cooing, like a mother, it lulls
    the wild to sleep
    while simultaneously awakening the
        impulse of life.
Refreshing, invigorating.

Then, suddenly, turning into a living beast—
    unpredictably destructive,
A rampaging monster, swallowing everything
    in its path.
Some wild creature, hellbent on causing mischief
    and misery to anyone or anything,
Beating, thrusting its power upon the earth,
Pummeling the very essence of its being.
Blinding, merciless.

Like women, rain has two faces.

Pascal Gill
Class of 1981

Two Shoes

By Pascal Gill
Class of 1981

The crash is deafening. Screams pierce the stifling night air. What have I done, O Lord, what have I done?!

When I left the party, they told me not to drive. But, no, I could handle myself. I was in complete control, or so I thought. Had I listened, this man would be alive.

I did not know him, but he will be engraved in my memory 'til my dying day. His face, his wife's face, and his children's faces will haunt me. Featureless ovals that spring into my dreams without warning. Turning my life into a living hell without meanings. An innocent night. An innocent man. One accident. Two victims. How could I have been so stupid to drink in the first place? To fit in, to be accepted by my peers. Now I alone must bear this heavy burden to my grave.

The crash is deafening. Screams pierce the night air. Such an innocent boy, so young, so full of life. If only I can tell him to forget and to learn and make him do it. I can't bear to see the terror in his eyes as he staggers around, screaming and crying. He comes to me and with tremendous effort, I squeeze his hand. I understand fully the life that lies ahead of him. If only he had not been drunk. As I draw my last breath, I think back to a night three years ago. A similar scene. I remember him. I have worn both shoes. Neither fit.

What Sorrow Brought

It hurt so much to see you cry,
To feel your pain, to know your hurt.
I wanted to wipe away your tears
To lock away the pain, to stop the hurt.

So often you are my strength
And you keep me going when I want to quit.
You know my heart and deepest thoughts,
You're always there to listen to me rattle on.

I only hoped that I could return that strength,
That I could help you when you were down.
My heart is full of love for you
Love that screams to be expressed.

Thank you for sharing your heart with me
For thinking that I'd be some help.
The bond between us is now complete,
Our hearts are forever joined in the deepest bonds
of happiness *and* sorrow.

Kelly E. McGavock
Class of 1982

Life at Sea

by Aaron Simms

The alarm goes off.

The captain answers the radio and give the orders. I jump out of bed and another day at sea begins. I hit the lever and air escapes with a whine and three-thousand horse power worth of diesels roar to life. I untie the boat and I am away. The salt spray hits me in the face and stings. I am away. The salt spray hits me in the face and stings. The water reflects the sun into my eyes, but I have other things to worry about—like the cargo and passengers I am trying to deliver to an oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico with twenty-foot seas.

I finally fight my way to the rig and manage to unload passengers and cargo with skill and luck. The sea can be gentle, but it can also be the most destructive force in the world; and it can be unforgiving to misjudgements and errors. As I head back to port, the sea starts to subside and the sun sets with a brilliant display of yellow, red, and orange. I have played the game and I have played well.

I never think that I beat the sea—I just get by because I never know when the sea will grow tired of me and will collect its debts, and I will join the valiant and daring men before me who fought the sea and didn't win.

Adam Ant by Justus Medley

Happiness

Life can really deal some very hard blows.
The bad thing is that no one else ever knows.
I search my heart for a way out—somewhere to go,
Still everything keeps me here, though I know
That my destiny lies in a far off place.
Right now I feel like I live in outerspace.
Deep inside I know it's only a matter of time
Before I reach those dreams I've tried hard to find.
If I chance to get things right, I make a mistake.
I'm always there to give—someone else takes.
Surrounded by love, yet no one knows how I feel,
I believe in my trust for two, but is it real?
I need them desperately now, as well as the one I love,
But she and I are trapped in *if, and, but,* and *because.*
Every time life smiles on me, I just fall again,
But I keep reminding myself that I was born to win.
I await the day when I can leave my past behind
For it's always there to haunt me every time I find
HAPPINESS.

Joseph E. Kendrick
Class of 1983

Evilution

by Harmon Miller
Class of 1982

Sterle drew his coat closer about him, wondering if the button ration would ever be raised again. He didn't like holding his coat closed with his hands. He continued on, ignoring the wind, and tried to keep his speed down to an inconspicuous gait. The last thing he needed was a police interrogation as to where he was going. It was bad enough to be caught in a nether-caste section of town, but he was also carrying extra credits. Neither the police nor the Regime would take kindly to him if they knew that he had been saving money.

The streets were extremely crowded. The morning shift had just dismissed. That was good. The crowds would tend to hide him. Sterle was making his way to the crosswalk when he noticed a helmeted policeman turn towards him. He couldn't see the face behind the black, meta-plast mask, but he was sure that the guard was looking at him. There was nothing he could do now that would not give himself away except to walk past the armored figure. He didn't look back. It was too dangerous.

Oblivious to the stupid, smiling faces around him, Sterle maneuvered his way into a small, deserted street. He looked around casually before walking to a little shop. He pushed open the door, tripping a bell as he entered. The old shopkeeper turned and came to the front.

"Back again, eh?"

Sterle nodded. He examined the familiar room. He'd never bought anything here, but he'd been in several times to look the place over. The piles of artifacts and junk seemed to have a relaxing, renewing effect on his mind.

The shopkeeper pushed his glasses to the tip of his nose and asked, "Somethin' particular you huntin' for this time?"

"The cloth."

"Eh?"

"The colored cloth in the trunk."

"Oh! That thing! Sure. Come here. It's here somewheres. Seen it last week, y'know. Was right where you left it."

They both went straight to the wooden trunk. The keeper produced a key, freed the lock, and opened the lid. On the very top was the cloth Sterle had come to buy.

"Beautiful, ain't it?"

Sterle said nothing. He stared reverently at the dusty, torn rag. Once again he felt power surge through his chest. A deep feeling of awe and respect welled in his heart. He had never seen anything quite like it. He didn't even know what it was. He simply knew that he had to have it.

"How much?"

"Four," replied the keeper.

Sterle produced four tickets of brown paper and handed them to the old man.

"Do you have something I can carry it in? A sack?"

The keeper pulled out an oily, paper bag, shoved the old cloth into it, and handed it to Sterle.

"Thank ye' now, son, and come again."

Without another word, Sterle stepped into the dirty street. Quickly he retraced his path home without regard to how he appeared or to who was in the streets. He never saw the figure following.

When he reached his apartment, he immediately went to the bed and unfolded his prize. He laid the multicolored cloth on the bed and stepped back to admire it. What power! Majesty! The image seemed to endow him with a reckless courage he'd never

known. The whole world should see this, he thought. He knew, though, that the Regime did not like proud memories of bygone ages. He often wondered...BAM!

The door exploded with rolling thunder, and courage drained from Sterle's heart as the Visi-trooper entered, clutching an impact gun.

"Hello, Mr. Sterle? What did 'ya buy me today?"

Sterle glanced at the bed. He grabbed his cloth.

"Let me see it."

Sterle made no move but to cuddle his ragged trophy a little closer.

"I said, 'Let me see it, Sterle.'"

"NO! It's mine! You can't have it."

"I'm warning you for the last time. Give it to me."

Sterle's tears blurred his vision as he fell to his knees, whimpering, "No, no."

A hundred million souls cried out in anguish as the gun roared to silence a new hope and salvation. Sterle still held the cloth when his blood began to stain it.

Sterle's was the last name in a long list of people who died for the American flag. Since before he was born, no one living had known what it meant or what it had stood for, but, of course, by that time no one even cared.

LITERARY CONTRIBUTORS

Abercrombie, Angie - 19, 32, 33, 53
Abercrombie, Ray - 55
Alt, Michelle (9th) - 71
**Ballew, Virgil Lee - 92, 96
*Banks, Charlotte - 5, 44, 62, 68, 69
Blakney, Debra - 42
Beaver, James - 23
Bourne, Melissa - 28
Brown, Lori (9th) - 21, 58
Bryant, Mona - 7
Bullen, Jay - 48
Curry, Debi - 13
*Curtis, Beth - 17, 20, 21, 23, 86-87
*Daniels, Kathy - 1, 6, 48, 61, 66
Davis, Joan - 27
Davis, Paula - 51
Deal, Karla (9th) - 53
Dubuisson, Susan - 84
Dye, Keith - 12, 17
Embuido, Philipp - 32
Embuido, Virginia - 12, 45
Estes, Doc - 36
Evans, Kevin - 81
Fick, Joe - 28, 29, 31
Fischer, Trisha - 12, 20
Galvani, Gina - 84
Gates, Kay - 69
German, Melisa - 10
**Gill, Pascal - 98
Graves, Mark - 90
Groom, Paula - 27, 66
Hancock, Lana - 30, 75, 76
Harris, Bill - 9
Harris, Tina - 73
Head, Kyle - 23
Hermetz, Kevin - 24
*Jackson, Shirley - 14, 57, 68, 69
Johnson, Jennifer (9th) - 18
Johnson, Jerry - 18, 45
Johnson, JoAnne - 16, 28, 51
Jones, Byron - 10, 24, 41
Kemmer, Marty - 47, 77, 78
**Kendrick, Joseph - 94, 100
Keyes, Tracey - 58
Kincade, Margaret - 13
*Kinsey, Kaycee - 2, 6, 18, 23, 61
Larsen, Monica - 42
Lazzara, Deona - 11, 22, 43
Leonard, Alicia - 12, 31, 69
**McGavock, Kelly - 94, 97, 99
McGavock, Laura - 34
*McGee, Jeff - 37, 39, 51, 83
McGrath, Danita - 57
McMullen, Teri - 63
*McNeill, John - 6, 32, 37, 53, 88
Meadows, C.V. - 50
*Medley, Jairus - 4, 39, 60, 66
Mercado, Maria - 2, 39
**Miller, Harmon - 101-102
Morgan, Beverly - 4, 29, 35
Mouring, Walteraine - 2
Necaise, Scott - 54
Nieves, Evelyn - 58
Orr, Robert - 7
Panger, Melissa - 9
Panger, Michelle - 24, 30, 73
Parker, Leigh (9th) - 35
Parks, Tim - 9
Pease, John - 9, 14, 79
Peatman, Rich (9th) - 82
Purser, Stacy - 58, 75, 76
Raymond, Beverly - 4
Reeves, Laura (9th) - 45
Rhodes, Pan - 49
Robinson, Brent (9th) - 58
Rowell, Kelli (9th) - 58
Ruddy, Kelee - 5, 30, 31
**Simms, Aaron - 95, 99
Smith, Daniel - 75, 76, 78
Stone, Mark (9th) - 35, 47
Sulko, Stephanie - 5
Switzer, Yvonne - 57
Tamayo, Lisa - 36
Taylor, Darlene - 2
**Thomas, Brian - 92, 96, 97
Varnado, Dewanna - 31, 37, 49
Waldrop, Robert (9th) - 70, 71, 84
Walker, Kim - 9
Walkinshaw, Doug - 18, 44, 47
**Walkinshaw, Steve - 95, 97
Waltman, Donna - 9, 13, 49
White, Chandra (9th) - 33, 47
Williams, Alfred - 14
Wilson, Shannon - 13, 42, 44
Winn, Richard - 78
Woodfield, Mike - 12, 17, 61
Wright, Patricia (Sissy) - 33, 83

**Members of Creative Writing Class*
***Alumni of HCHS*

ART CONTRIBUTORS

Breckenridge, Amy - 64
*Breckenridge, Lisa - 3, 52, 64, 70, 75, 77
Beaver, James - 38
Carlisle, Michael - 71, 76
Gonzalo, Cesar - 79
Greenberg, Wendy - 26, 80
Hall, Chris - 60
Jones, Byron - 15, 25, 34, 40, 74
Jurkiewicz, Acey - 50
Kemmer, Marty - 46
Lazzara, Deona - 11, 43, 65
Ladner, Derrick -8, 54
Lee, Stephanie Dawn -85
Levy, Arthur -16, 19, 56
**Medley, Justus - 93, 100
Oberlies, Mike -89
Panger, Melissa - 62, 72
Rigney, Patricia - 29
Runge, Beverly - 22, 59, 67
Scott, Donnelle - 63

PATRONS

Gloria Anderson
Charlotte Arledge
Henry Arledge
Virgil L. Ballew
Will and Marilyn Barfoot
Thomas Barnes
Alan Blount
Allen Brice
Velma Broussard
Janice Bush
Dr. Bush
Kathy Byrd
Kevin Byrd
Susan Byrd
Kay Caviness
Steve Chambers
Sue Chauvin
Judy Clark
Bobbinell Copeland
Cordelia Couch
Jacqueline Cuevas
E.J. Cunningham
June Curvin
Willie Daniels
Wilmer Dedeaux
Sharron Dobbs
Mr. and Mrs. Parker Dykes
Sarah Eichenberger
Ira Engle
Linda Finley
Ira Fisher
Karl Friedrick
Larry Fry
Jean Garrigues
Pascal Gill
Janelle Hall
Mrs. Harris
Paula Herring
Fred Hogue
Mary Holley
Greg Holmes
Doc Hoskins
Dawn Jenkins
Joseph Kendrick
Barbara Kittrell
Mitchell King
Charles, Dorothy and Brandy Knight
David Ladner
Margie Lanning
Brigitte LaPrairie
Marcus Lawton
James U. Leuenberger
Nancy Lindsay
Percy Love
Edna Lutz
Harriet Marsh
Constance Maxwell
Kelly McGavock
Robert Mingo
Judy Northrup
Juanita O'Neal
Vana O'Quine
Melba Parkinson
Carolyn Porter
Florence Rawls
M.L. Richardson
Lucille Richerson
Debbie Rogers
George Rosetti
Maude Rucker
Carol Scarbrough
Aaron Simms
Laura Simpson
Janet Snow
Steve Sykes
James Taylor
Shirley Thigpen
Brian Thomas
Emily L. Thompson
Fred Thompson
Freida Thompson
Harold Thompson
Bary Thrash
Pat Torjusen
Richard Vogle
Nellie Sue Walden
Steve Walkinshaw
Dennis Walton
Cherry Wheat
Clayton C. Winters
Patty Williams

STUDENT PATRONS

Charlotte Banks
Lisa Breckenridge
Beth Curtis
Kathy Daniels
Paula Groom
Shirley Jackson
Kaycee Kinsey
Jeff McGee
John McNeill
Jairus Medley
Stacy Purser
Mike Woodfield
Kirk Zarske